THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

SEPTEMBER, 1803.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF *THE REV. C. C. STURM.*

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

Thus taught in Luther's school (hail, name approv'd!
Priz'd by religion, and by learning lov'd!)
Wisdom and grace, philosophy explores,
The Maker loves—the glorious God adores!
ROBERTS.

WE have frequently remarked, that in our biographical labours, characters of every description pass beneath our review, and attract a degree of our attention. We have at various times given portraits and sketches of celebrated divines in our own country both among churchmen and dissenters: the lawn-robed prelate and the plain presbyter have round their respective niches in our Miscellany.

We now, however, cross the water, and present our readers with a divine who has laboured with success on the continent, and who, by his writings, both moral and religious, is well known in Great Britain.

We are sorry that we have it not in our power to present our readers with more copious materials of biography. The subject of our memoir, as to his private history, seems to be little known amongst us, there are, however, two particulars which have transpired, which will serve for the subject of amplification.

The Rev. Mr. Sturm is chief pastor of St. Peter's at Hamburgh, in the north of Germany. From this circumstance we may infer his talents in the pulpit. Hamburgh being a principal place, and St. Peter's the principal church of the place, he must have possessed considerable abilities before he would have been placed in such a situation. In cities divines make their way by their official qualifications, a thorough knowledge of theology, and an acquaintance with human nature, are the usual requisites for a public station. That it is, in this respect, the same on the continent as it is among us, cannot be doubted—the success of talents and virtues may be almost ensured in any country.

The other circumstance which has transpired respecting the Rev. Mr. Sturm is, that he is principal of the public school at Hamburgh.—That the reverend subject of our memoir, is a man of learning, will not be questioned. He enjoyed, we presume the usual course of edu-

cation afforded by a German university; and we know that the Germans have distinguished themselves in almost every branch of literature. Their numerous productions of late years have borne testimony to the truth of this declaration. The public school at Hamburgh, it is probable, is a seminary of respectability, somewhat like to Merchant Taylor's with us. They are both intended to prepare youth for the various professions, or rather adapted to fit them for entering with vigour and ability on the great business of the world.

But, as we have already observed, few particulars of Mr. Sturm being known on this side of the water, we must content ourselves with ascertaining his intellectual and moral qualities from his works: and we are happy to add, that this may be done with ease, and to our satisfaction.

His chief or principal work is "Reflections on the Works of God in Nature and Providence, for every Day in the Year," which passed through several editions. It may be pronounced a favorite with our countrymen—indeed few publications have been more favorably received by the serious world. Individuals of every sect and donomination admire it—they admit it into their parlours—they place it on the shelves of their libraries.

Nor can this be a matter of surprize to the attentive and serious mind. Revealed religion is founded on natural religion, and natural religion can be inferred only from the visible creation of God: hence the necessity and advan-

tages of studying nature in all its endless ramifications. The heavens, the earth, the atmosphere, the beasts, birds, and fishes, the minerals which enrich the bowels of the globe, and, above all, MAN in his mental, moral, and religious capacities—these are most suitable subjects of meditation: they yield, to persons of reflection and piety, on all occasions, abundant improvement.

That the reader may form his own judgment respecting this work so generally read and approved; we shall select two papers, with which he will be gratified.

A MEDITATION FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

I CONSIDER this first day of the year as if it were the first day of my life, and dare expect from the goodness of my God as many blessings for the year that commences this day, as I have obtained since my entrance into the world, and during the whole of my course. What favors have I not reason to expect from my heavenly Father, who, from the first moment of my existence, yea, even before I had a being, was occupied concerning me with so much tenderness and goodness.

At the moment of my arrival in this world he caused me to find parents and friends, who assisted me, who have nourished me, and whose disinterested love provided for me in that state of weakness and incapacity in which I was found. Without their succour, without their generous attachment to my well-being, could I have preserved health, and the many other

blessings which I now possess? If at that time I had been able to reflect on my destiny, I should, without doubt, have promised myself many agreeable hours in the course of my existence upon earth. Now that I am capable of making these reflections, I wish to give myself up to the thought of my happiness, and to those sweet hopes which it invites me to form for the future. I enter with the present year into a new path of life, not so wholly deprived of all things, nor so incapable of assisting myself as I was when I first entered into the world, but with the same need of supernatural succour that I then had.

I still need the fostering hand of my friends, their consolitory aid when dejected by disappointments, and their protection in those dangers to which I may be exposed. And will not my heavenly father grant me a blessing so necessary? Yes, I am certain he will; and whatsoever may happen to me in the course of this year, the Lord has without doubt already chosen a friend for me, who in dubious cases shall be my counsellor, and in affliction my support; who shall partake of the comforts of my prosperity, and be the stay of my mind in the time of adversity.

From the first moments of my life, God has laid the foundation of my future destiny. It was not by accident I was born of such parents, in such a part of the world, and in such a particular time, and not in another. The time, place, circumstances, and consequences of my birth God has arranged in the wisest order

He then regulated my lot, weighed the hardships which I was to endure, and provided the comforts and satisfactions which should restore calmness and serenity to my mind. After his purposes, many unknown causes must contribute to my felicity, and every thing which stood in any relation to me must concur to accomplish his beneficent designs. With this first day of the new year, I may consider my lot as being regulated anew. The Lord who has given me a being, comprehends, with a foresight which nothing can deceive, every week, day, and instant of this year. Though all that concerns me be hidden from my eyes, yet every thing is open to the eyes of the Lord, and all is regulated according to his purposes, which are ever fraught with wisdom and goodness. If, during the course of this year, I should meet with some misfortune which I cannot foresee; if some unexpected happiness should fall to my share; if I meet with some loss which I have now no reason to expect, I shall consider the whole as happening according to the wise direction of my God.

Impressed with this conviction, I enter on the journey which commences this day. Whatever may occur, I will confirm myself more and more in the persuasion that Jehovah shall be my God and my father in my old age, as well as he has been in my youth. If I find myself exposed to want or distress, I will remember the days of my infancy, a state still more critical, in which the Lord had pity upon me. If I meet with unfaithfulness from any friend, this

must not disturb me; God can raise me up others from whose tenderness I may derive joy and comfort. Should my life be exposed to persecutions and distresses which I can neither foresee nor prevent, this shall not terrify me; I will trust in the Lord, who has protected my infancy when it was exposed to a thousand dangers.

What then should hinder me from beginning this year with tranquillity? I desire without anxiety to look forward, and abandon all my concerns to the direction of the Lord. I wish submissively to follow the path which he shall point out, and to bless him at each step, because he leads me in a way so merciful and safe.

THE PATERNAL CARE OF PROVIDENCE, FOR THE PRESERVATION OF HUMAN LIFE, IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD.

We know, at present, a great part of our globe; and from time to time we discover new regions: but no place has been discovered in which nature does not produce what is necessary for the preservation of human life. We know countries where the sun burns up almost every thing, where little is to be seen but mountains and plains of sand, where the earth is almost entirely despoiled of that verdure which adorns it so beautifully in these climates. There are other countries where the rays of the sun and his benign warmth are rarely felt, where an almost continual winter benumbs every thing, where there are neither fruits, crops, nor

cultivation. Notwithstanding, both men and animals are found there, who are far from being destitute of subsistence. The productions which Providence has denied them, because they would be either burnt up by the ardor of the sun, or frozen by the rigour of the cold, are supplied by presents more suitable to those climates on which both men and animals can live. The inhabitants carefully seek what nature offers to them, they know how to appropriate it to their use, and thus they procure all the necessaries and conveniencies of life.

In Lapland, Providence has so contrived matters, that even an evil, very troublesome to the inhabitants, becomes the means of their preservation. In that country are found innumerable multitudes of gnats, which, by their stings, are the scourge of the Laplanders, and from which they cannot defend themselves but in keeping up a continual thick smoke in their cabins, and in daubing their faces with pitch. These insects lay their eggs on the water, and thus allure a vast number of water-fowl, who feed on them: these are taken by the Laplanders, and become their principal nourishment.

The Greenlanders, in general, prefer animal to vegetable food; and it is true, that very few vegetables are to be found in those barren countries. However, there are some plants, of which the inhabitants make great use, particularly sorrel, angelica, and especially spoonwort, or scurvy-grass, *(cochlearia)*. But their present nourishment is a species of fish, which they call angmarset, and which nearly resembles the mil-

ler's-thumb. After they have dried these upon the rocks in the open air, they constantly serve them instead of bread and pulse; and they lay them up for the winter in large leathern sacks, or in old garments. In Iceland, where also there is no agriculture, because of the intense cold, people feed on dried fish instead of bread. The Dalecarlians, who inhabit the northern parts of Sweden, having no corn, make their bread with the bark of birch and pine, and a certain root which grows in the marshes. The inhabitants of Kamtschatka feed on the stem of the acanthus, which they eat raw, after having peeled it. In Siberia they make much use of a species of lily, which they call martagon.

Adorable Father of men! how tender are thy providential cares for our preservation! With what goodness hast thou dispensed to every part of the earth what is necessary for the subsistence of thy creatures! Thy wisdom saw, before the foundation of the world, the dangers to which the life of man would be continually exposed; and it has so contrived matters, that every where a sufficiency of nourishment is found. It has established such relations, such connections and communications among the inhabitants of the earth, that the people who are separated by the most extensive seas, labour for each other's subsistence and convenience.

Can we sufficiently admire and adore the Divine Providence, which has given us bodies formed in such a way that they are not confined to any particular food, but are able to make use of every kind of aliment? Thus, by a goodness,

which we cannot sufficiently praise, man does not live by bread alone, but by every word (appointment or ordinance) which proceeds from the mouth of God, that is, by every thing which God has ordained nature to produce, to which he has given a nourishing virtue. And, because he opens his hand, to satisfy the desire of every living creature, all turn their eyes to him, and expect to receive their proper nourishment in due time. This month, which ends to-day,* furnishes us with another proof of this. Compassionate and merciful Father! let us praise thee with our latest breath for the many blessings and means of subsistence with which thy liberal hand has supplied us!

After the perusal of these two papers, we may easily infer the complexion of the work; and, with respect to the author, it is impossible not to admire his good sense and unaffected piety.

Islington. J. E.

March 31.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 78.

BEAUTIES OF HOMER.

(Cowper's Translation.)

IN the present paper we mean to conclude our selection from the ILIAD of Homer.—We ranged from book to book with freedom, and passages have been brought forward which possess both beauty and sublimity. The muse of our ancient bard was neither tame nor monotonous—he pours forth his strains in an almost endless variety.

The rage of Achilles is thus forcibly depicted; the poor Trojans are driven into the river Xanthus:

——— Other part
Rush'd down the sides of Xanthus, headlong plung'd,
With dashing sound, into his dizzy stream,
And all his banks re-echoed loud the roar;
They, struggling, shriek'd, in silver eddies whirl'd!
As when by violence of fire expell'd,
Locusts, uplifted on the wing, escape
To some broad river, swift the sudden blaze
Pursues them—they, astonish'd, strew'd the flood:
So, by Achilles driv'n, a mingled throng
Of horses and warriors overspread
Xanthus, and glutted all his sounding course!

He, chief of heroes, leaving on the bank
His spear against a tamarisk reclin'd,
Plung'd like a god, with faulchion arm'd alone,
But fill'd with thoughts of havoc. On all sides
Down came his edge—groans follow'd, dread to
hear,
Of warriors smitten by the sword, and all
The waters redden'd as they ran with blood!
As smaller fishes, flying the pursuit
Of some huge dolphin—terrified, the creeks
And secret hollows of a haven fill:
For none of all that he can seize he spares—
So lurk'd the trembling Trojans in the caves
Of Xanthus' awful flood!

Achilles is again awfully described as seen by old King Priam:

Him first the ancient king of Troy perceiv'd
Scouring the plain resplendent as the star
Autumnal, of all stars, in dead of night,
Conspicuous most, and nam'd Orion's dog;
Brightest it shines, but ominous, and dire
Disease portends to miserable man—
So beam'd Achilles' armour as he flew!

Youth and age slain in battle are thus contrasted together, with the poet's usual felicity:

Fair falls the warlike *youth*, in battle slain;
And when all mangled by the spear he lies,
His death becomes him well, he rests secure,
Tho' dead from shame whatever next befalls!
But when the silver locks and silver beard
Of an *old man*, slain by the sword, from dogs
Receive dishonor—of all ills that wait
On miserable mortals, that is worst!

The dragging of Hector's body around the walls of Troy is picturesquely delineated:

——————— Purposing dishonor vile
To noble Hector, his feet he bor'd
From heel to ancle, and inserting thongs,
Them tied behind the chariot; but his head
Left unsustain'd, to trail along the ground!
Ascending next, the armour at his side
He plac'd, then lash'd the steeds; they willing flew!
Thick rose the dust, as with his sable locks
He swept the ground; his head, so graceful once,
Plough'd deep the dust—to such dishonor, Jove
That day consign'd him on his native plain.
Thus whelm'd in dust he went. The mother queen,
Her son beholding, pluck'd her hair away,
Cast far aside the lucid veil, and rent
With shrieks the air. His father wept aloud,
And all around long long complaints were heard,
And lamentations, in the streets of Troy;
Not fewer or less piercing than if flames
Had wrapt all Ilium to her topmost tow'rs!

The races, at the tomb of Patroclus, are thus described with wonderful effect:

All rais'd the lash together, with the reins
All smote their steeds, and urg'd them to the strife;
Vociferating, they, with rapid pace
Scouring the field, soon left the fleet afar.
Dark, like a stormy cloud, uprose the dust
Beneath them, and their undulating manes
Play'd in the breezes; now the level field
With gliding course, the rugged now they pass'd

With bounding wheels aloft; mean time, erect
The drivers stood—with palpitating hear
Each sought the prize, each charged his steeds
aloud,
They, flying, fill'd with dust the darken'd air!

The barbarous art of *boxing*, well enough in the rude ages of antiquity, but highly disgraceful to polished modern times, is thus forcibly represented:

Then lifting high their brawny arms, and fists
Mingling with fists, to furious fight they fell:
Dire was the crash of jaws, and the sweat
stream'd
From ev'ry limb!

Priam and his family, in the depth of their affliction, by the loss of brave Hector, is a perfect picture:

Around their father, in the hall, his sons
With tears their robes bedew'd; while them
amidst,
The hoary king sat mantled, muffled close,
And on his venerable head and neck
Much dust was spread, which, rolling on the
earth,
He had show'red on them with unsparing hands!

We shall only add the concluding lines of the translation—the burial of Hector cannot fail of exciting our sympathy and our compassion:

Now when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Redden'd the east, then, thronging forth, all
Troy

Encompass'd noble Hector's pile around!
The whole vast multitude conven'd, with wine
They quench'd the pile, nor any portion left
Unvisited on which the fire had seized.
His white bones next, his brothers and his friends
Collected, mourning, and with many tears
Wat'ring their cheeks—within a golden urn
They plac'd them, which they veil'd with mantless light
Of purple hue; then delving, buried it,
And with huge stones contiguous spread the ground,
His tomb they pil'd in haste; while num'rous spies
Watch'd lest the Greeks should sally; and, the work
Now finish'd, in the royal house conven'd,
A sumptuous banquet shar'd, by Priam giv'n.
Such burial the illustrious HECTOR found!

Thus have we rapidly passed through the several books of the Iliad of Homer. The writer dares not pretend that he has given all the beautiful passages to be found in the far-fam'd bard of antiquity: he has only glanced at a few which have struck his own mind in the perusal of Mr. Cowper's translation. These periodical papers, however, though imperfect, are cheerfully dedicated to the entertainment and improvement of the rising generation.

Islington. J. E.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

From Mr. C. L. R. to Mr. R. Northcote.

DEAR FRIEND, London, May 16, 1744.

I NEVER parted with you in my life with so much reluctance as I did the last time; my spirits being exceeding low, presented to me the dark side of every thing, and I thought I had taken an eternal farewell of my dearest friend, unless a knowledge of each other hereafter had shortened the term; and this thought indeed gave me some relief, believing that in a state of perfect bliss (as I chearfully hope that will be which we are to spend an eternity), love and friendship cannot be absent, it being here one of the highest entertainments of the soul, and seems altogether suitable to its dignity throughout all the revolutions of its existence; but I thank Heaven I yet hope to see you again before I take my journey into that "country from whose bourne no traveller returns," tho' I have been very ill since I got home, and obliged to live the greatest part of my time in the country, which has, I fear, made me appear ungrateful to you and your good family, to whom I am under the highest obligations.

I am, &c.

C. L. R.

From Mr. R. Northcote to Mr. C. L. R.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Honiton, 174—.

My design in writing to you at this time is far from being disinterested, and obliges me to own it is for the sake of your answer; with a view, therefore, to read your thoughts, and to invite you to sketch your pleasing reflections to a more moderate length, I now assure you, that my spirits, which for some weeks have lain dormant, and lulled me into a state of inactivity and sloth, now begin to accelerate and quicken at the approach of Christmas—a season when all nature seems to be fond of relaxation, and every inanimate object around us contributes to an inaction, necessary to the regular succession of the ensuing spring. If we, at this period, wander in the sullen fields, and view nature in its mournful dress, we shall there observe the vegetative kingdom in a lethargic state—see those heretofore enamelled plains, which were wont to delight us with its varied vivid hues, now languishing for the absent sun to revive them with the benignant rays of its resplendent light; concealing all their beauties to exhibit them with greater lustre at the approaching spring. The tuneful choir, through the inclemency of the boisterous winds, seem to have forgotten those warbling notes they were accustomed to pour forth in such an agreeable concert; and neglecting the aërial regions, they seek a less intemperate retreat in those hospitable coverts which nature provides them.

The labouring ox, not insensible to the severity of the elements, implores the protection of some friendly shed to screen him from the violence of their inclement power. The reptile world, now feeling the poignancy of the nitrous particles, seek a more temperate climate in those subterraneous regions penetrated by their industry.

Amidst this mighty distress, when nature appears shrunken back to its primitive confusion, man lies thoughtless and without reflection; tempted on the one side by hopeless desires, and the other side by present enjoyment, he forgets all those tender ties and obligations which should inspire his breast at the bare thought of this amazing revolution.

As not inapplicable, pray permit me to quote the words of the poet on this season:

"The hills, and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye!"

The lines you will approve, but will easily perceive they are the production of a more excellent muse. Excuse haste.

Your's, &c.

R. N.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF JOHN HATFIELD,

THE NOTORIOUS SWINDLER.

ON Monday, August 15, John Hatfield was tried on a charge of forgery, and convicted, at the Carlisle assizes. We lay before our readers the substance of the evidence on the trial, which lasted seven hours.

There were three indictments preferred against him: in the first of these he stood charged with assuming the name of the Hon. Alexander Hope, and under that name drawing a bill of exchange on one John Crump, Esq. payable to George Wood, a publican at Keswick. In the second he was charged with forging, under the same name, another bill for thirty pounds, with intent to defraud the same persons. The third indictment charged him with counterfeiting Col. Hope's hand writing, in superscribing various letters with the view of defrauding government of the postage.

Passing over what came out on the trial respecting the prisoner's general character, we shall confine ourselves to the evidence as it applied to the proof of the charges in the two first indictments.

A gentleman who knew Hatfield a partner in the firm of Denis, Hatfield, and Co. proved the bill specified in the indictment to be in the prisoner's hand-writing. He also proved that a number of letters which were produced in court were written by him. The evidence to

prove his having assumed the name of Colonel Hope, was more detailed.

It appeared, as indeed the public are already apprized, that he arrived at Keswick, in the county of Cumberland, about the beginning of last Autumn. He came in his own carriage, unattended by a servant. This circumstance excited suspicions, but these he soon removed by alledging that he was anxious for temporary retirement. He completed the deception by his genteel and fascinating manner. He contracted an acquaintance with several gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and he introduced himself as the Hon. Col. Hope, brother to the Earl of Hopetown, and representative in parliament for Dumfriesshire.

Keswick is in the neighbourhood of Lowes-water; and there he became intimate with the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, a worthy clergyman, residing in that place: he recommended himself to his notice by an extraordinary appearance of sanctity. He was constant in his attendance on divine worship, and seemed, in all respects, a gentleman of unimpeachable morals.

It was at this time he insinuated himself into the good graces of Mary of Buttermere, with whose history the world is already too well acquainted. Mr. Nicholson was the person by whom the marriage was celebrated. After the marriage, Hatfield affected to make Mr. Nicholson his confidential friend, and disclosed to him various concerns of his pretended family. He seemed much offended with liberties taken with his character, and expressed his determi-

nation to chastise those who were so unjutifiable in their aspersions on his conduct.

He left Keswick with the professed intention of spending a short time at his seat at Castle Douglas. The unfortunate Mary accompanied him, not to Castle Douglas, but to Longtown. During his stay in that town, he addressed various letters to Mr. Nicholson, all subscribed with the name of Colonel Alexander Hope.—On his return, suspicion began to revive with new force, and the arrival of a gentleman at the Lakes, who had some slight knowledge of Col. Hope, led to the detection of the imposture. This gentleman, whose name is Hardinge, hearing that Col. Hope was in the neighbourhood, invited him to dinner. This invitation the impostor thought proper to decline, but he waited on Mr. Hardinge in the evening, and supported the fraud with great plausibility. Mr. Hardinge was not, however, satisfied, and by his orders the prisoner's horses were detained. The prisoner complained bitterly of this, said that he had done nothing to offend the laws of the land, and that if he had been guilty of any crime, "a hair would hold him." After this conversation, however, he thought proper to withdraw from Keswick, and, afraid of the pursuit of justice, he shortly after made his escape over the mountains. He continued at large till he was arrested and lodged in a jail in Brecknockshire. With his subsequent history the public are already acquainted.

The jury, notwithstanding the plausible defence of the prisoner, found him GUILTY on

the two first indictments. The third it was thought unnecessary to enter into, the facts which it alledged being fully proved.

During the trial the court was prodigiously crowded. There was a great concourse of genteel company from all the adjoining country. Hatfield behaved throughout with the utmost composure, and seemed confident of an acquittal. He was genteelly dressed in black, and was brought to the court-room in a post-chaise.

The prisoner's behaviour in court was proper and dignified, and he supported his situation from first to last with unshaken fortitude. He possessed a handsome face, blue eyes, and fair complexion; the shape of his face has been oval, but that and his person appeared much altered by the hand of time. His age seemed to be about forty-five. After the verdict of the jury was given, he discovered no relaxation of his accustomed demeanor.

At eight o'clock next morning (Tuesday) the court met, when the prisoner appeared at the bar, to receive his sentence.

After proceeding in the usual form, the judge addressed the prisoner in the following impressive terms:

"John Hatfield, after a long and serious investigation of the charges which have been preferred against you, you have been found guilty by a jury of your country. You have been distinguished for crimes of such magnitude as have seldom, if ever, received any mitigation of capital punishment, and in your case it is impossible it can be remitted. Assuming the person,

name, and character of a worthy and respectable officer, of a noble family in this country, you have perpetrated and committed the most enormous crimes. The long imprisonment which you have undergone has afforded time for your serious reflection, and an opportunity of your being deeply impressed with a sense of the enormity of your guilt, and the justice of that sentence which must be inflicted upon you. I wish you to be seriously impressed with the awfulness of your situation, and reflect with anxious care and deep concern on your approaching end, concerning which much remains to be done; lay aside now your delusions and imposition, and employ properly the short space of time you have to live. I beseech you to employ the remaining part of your time for eternity, and that you may find mercy at the hour of death and in the day of judgment.—— Hear now the sentence of the law."

His lordship then pronounced sentence of death upon the prisoner in the usual form.

The prisoner heard it with firmness, bowed respectfully, and was taken away from the dock, and thence to the gaol.

From the hour when the jury found him guilty, Hatfield behaved himself with the utmost serenity and cheerfulness. He received the visits of all who wished to see him, and talked upon the topics of the day with the greatest interest or indifference. He could scarcely ever be brought to speak of his own case. He neither blamed the verdict, nor made any confession of his guilt. He said that he had no in-

tention to defraud those whose names he forged, but was never heard to say that he was to die unjustly.

The alarming nature of the crime of forgery in a commercial country had taught him from the beginning to entertain no hope of mercy.—On the morning of the 3d of Septem. he spent many hours in acts of devotion. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the under sheriff, with a detachment of the Cumberland yeomanry repaired to the prison, bringing a post-chaise with him, into which the prisoner stepped with much steadiness and composure. The gaoler and the executioner went in along with him. They then proceeded to the place of execution, which was on the north side of the island formed by the river Eden, where a common gallows had been previously erected.

On their arrival, the executioner proceeded to the awful ceremony. A small dung-cart, boarded over, had been placed under the gibbet. A ladder was placed to this stage, which he instantly ascended. He was dressed in a black jacket, black silk waistcoat, fustian pantaloons, white cotton stockings, and ordinary shoes; he wore no powder in his hair. He seemed at least fifty, and there was something grave and reverend in his aspect, which for a moment made one forget all the crimes laid to his charge.

In the performance of his office, the executioner was extremely aukward, and the unfortunate prisoner had more than once to adjust the apparatus of death about his person. He

was at last launched into eternity, and died without a struggle, exhibiting, even in his last moments, the greatest resignation and fortitude.

After hanging about an hour, he was cut down, and his body was placed in a handsome coffin, which, by his directions, had been previously provided, and which a hearse, soon after, conveyed away.

Hatfield died in the belief that his last request would be complied with, and that he should be buried at Burgh. A certain noble lord, however, who possesses some controul over that place, denied admission of the body into ground that had formerly received the remains of Edward I. The hearse then proceeded to Saint Mary's church-yard, where, as far removed as possible from the adjoining tombs, it was, at length, interred; but even here, also, the *charity* of the day was extended to the breathless body, as no priest attended, and the coffin was lowered without any religious ceremony!

BRIEF MEMOIRS OF JOHN HATFIELD.

He was born at Mortram, in Cheshire in the year 1750. His first remarkable exploit procured him a wife, the daughter of a noble parent, and who possessed a handsome fortune. He squandered away her fortune, then left her, with three daughters she had borne to him, to depend precariously on her relations. She did not long survive. He next travelled in North America, in Britain, and in Ireland. He came

in 7192 to Scarborough, introduced himself to the acquaintance of several persons of distinction in that neighbourhood, and insinuated that he was, by the interest of the Duke of Rutland, soon to be one of the representatives in parliament for the town of Scarborough. After several weeks stay at the principal inn at that place, his imposture was detected by his inability to pay the bill. He was arrested, and thrown into prison. He had been eight years and a half in confinement, when a Miss Nation, to whom he had become known, paid his debts, took him from prison, and gave him her hand in marriage. He soon after prevailed with some highly respectable merchants to take him into partnership with them, and, with a clergyman, to accept his drafts to a large amount. He made, upon this foundation, a splendid appearance in London, and, before the general election, even proceeded to canvass in the borough of Queenborough. Suspicions in the mean time arose, in regard to his character and the state of his fortune. He retired from the indignation of his creditors, and after some short time appeared, under the name of Colonel Hope, in the Valley of Buttermere. His marriage with Mary Robinson, of that place, has been sufficiently celebrated. About two months ago she was delivered of a still-born child, the fruits of that unhappy union. She has, since that, retired from her father's house, in order to avoid the impertinent curiosity of strangers and travellers, and to endeavour to heal, in retirement, her wounded peace of mind.

COPIES OF LETTERS FROM MR. HATFIELD, UNDER THE NAME OF COL. HOPE, TO THE REV. MR. NICHOLSON, ALLUDED TO IN THE TRIAL.

Longtown, Monday Evening, Oct. 4, 1802.

MY VERY DEAR AND REV. SIR,

We arrived here Saturday evening about eight, went to the church on Sunday, and Mr. Graham, the brother of Sir James, gave one of the finest lectures I ever heard. We attended his evening discourse, at the end of which he addressed me, begging I would not return to my quarters without a light, and his footman stood ready with one. All this flurried my dear Mary a little, but nothing can be more pleasing than the manner she at all times possesses. To-morrow evening we may proceed further; but Mrs. Hope likes the quietude of this place much, and her wishes are my laws. In the church-yard we found the following inscription, which I copied on purpose to send you, thinking it may amuse some of our friends; pray read it to Dr. Head, and present him my best respects:

Our life is but a winter's day:
Some only breakfast, and away.
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

Be pleased to say for us both whatever you think will be acceptable to those who, from kind motives, may enquire after us; and at Buttermere, Mary desires you will tender to father and mother the most affectionate duty, and the most lively assurances of our mutual happiness. I find happiness is

not very loquacious, so this will be a very short letter; let us have a long one as soon as possible, addressed for "Colonel Hope, M. P. Post-office, Longtown, Cumberland," and you will greatly oblige

Very dear and Rev. Sir,
Yours most truly,
A. HOPE.

Rev. Mr. Nicholson, Loweswater,
near Cockermouth.

(Free.—A. Hope.)

From the same to the same.

Sunday night, Oct. 10, 180?.

MY VERY DEAR AND REV. SIR,

ANXIOUS that my dear Mary might hear from her parents as soon as possible, we returned from Scotland to this town on Friday evening, and shall most probably proceed for Carlisle to-morrow; indeed your letter received this afternoon makes me very desirous of returning to Buttermere, that I may properly answer all such persons as assume the privilege of censuring my conduct, and are mean enough to disturb the peace of our parents.

We are, thank God, very well, and happy as our friends can wish us. The colonel has given himself much unnecessary trouble, and I am sorry for it, because that in this he will be sorry too. I wrote to him on Wednesday last, and this day find his hand-writing on the superscription of a letter, forwarded to me from Keswick. If I had ever expressed to him any affection for Miss D. except such as you have wisnessed—if I had ever dropped a word on the subject to him, he might have some plea for complaint: but God knows, and he knows I never did. He has my free leave to write to all

the world, if he finds any pleasure in such proceedings; but no person, who really knows me, will believe that Miss D. has been deceived by me.

I wish I could be certain where this will reach you, but fearing it may not be at Cockermouth soon enough for you to get it by the market people on the morrow, it is not in my power to say where or when we can meet previous to my arrival at Buttermere, which will very probably be before the middle of this week.

Be pleased to present my best respects to Mrs. and Miss Wood. I will remember with permanent gratitude their goodness on this occasion, and amidst the strange vicissitudes of this very eventful life, perhaps I may be blessed with some opportunities of shewing how truly sensible I am of every kindness done to me on this occasion.

With the truest respect, esteem, and gratitude to all my well-wishers, I am,

Very dear and Rev. Sir,

Yours ever,

A. HOPE.

Love and duty attend those to whom they are due; and I beg you will tell them not to make any preparations for our return, for I shall have to move about as soon as I arrive, and my Mary will love quietness.

Mr. Hatfield, during his confinement, wrote several other letters, which, however, are very uninteresting. He also wrote some political and religious essays, which he inserted, under feigned names, in the provincial papers.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

CHARADE FOR SOLUTION.

MY first is known in time of war,
Where soldiers seek repose;
My next is heard when the fond swain
To Hymen's altar goes.
Connect the whole, and 'twill name
A living poet of great fame.

ANOTHER.

If my first has no guest,
'Tis a sorrowful sign;
My true second's exprest
By a circular line:
Then add one hundred pounds,
Which my third shews as clear:
And my fourth, when 'tis found,
Will quite harmless appear.

ENIGMA.

Behead what grows upon a tree,
And what supports mankind you'll see.

ANOTHER.

Once in a year I'm sought with care,
And one whole year I'm trusted;
But when one year is out, you are
With my advice disgusted.

FASHIONS OF LONDON AND PARIS.

PARIS.

PEARLS and cameos shells are the ornaments almost exclusive for the head-dress. This is not the season for feathers, but a few flowers are used. The cameos shells are seen in the centre of the combs, or the heads of pins, and on the plates of the necklace. Sometimes the shell, on which the engraving forms a relief, is thence at the point, so that the bottom appears bluish; often, also, the engraving and the ground-work are of a pure white. The false hair added to the natural tuft of hair is not called *peruque*, but *cache folle*. The tuft of hair on the front of the hair of the head, though composed of a great number, is more flat than ordinary. The locks of hair which hang over the face are large and flat. At the left, a little above the temple, is a separation, which interrupts those curls of the visage. At the fashionable milliners there are taffeta hats, which they call *de crepe combe*, because the little satin peas stuck on the white crape are not stuck flat, but protuberant. White, particularly for ribbands, are more in vogue than any colour. On white taffeta hats, dark purple or green, at certain distances, straw ribbands are rowed, which are undoubtedly taken into the threads of the hat; of this strange composition many hats are used by the fashionable and elegant ladies of Paris. The organdic hats are also much in vogue.—

Ribbands without gloss are much worn. Long shawls are those which are most adopted, they are not destined precisely for warmth, they are carried into cords, in slopes, and fastened round the arm. The days for *fetes* many ladies are dressed in white gowns without tails, small handkerchiefs of red silk or amaranthes on the neck, and the rest to correspondent; tuft of hair on the front of the head plaited into one braid, or the hair cut quite close.

LONDON.

Promenade Dress.—Round dress of blue chambray muslin. A scarf cloak of plain or worked muslin, with lace let in the back, and trimmed all round with deep lace. Straw hat turned up in front.

Evening Dress.—A round robe of white muslin, the waist very short, with a plain back, the front low, with a lace tucker drawn close round the bosom; turban sleeves.

Head Dresses.—1. Turban of blue crape, ornamented with white ostrich feathers. 2. Cap of white lace, with a deep lace border, ornamented with a wreath of roses. 3. Hat of white chip, the front turned up and lined with lilac; the hat trimmed with green, and ornamented with a green and lilac feather. 4. A mob cap of white lace, tied under the chin, and trimmed with lilac. 5. Hat of white silk, with a full crown, the front turned up and lined with lilac; ostrich feather in front. 6. A small round hat turned up one side.

THE GREEN PETTICOAT.

A GERMAN STORY.

Translated from the French of Madame de Genlis.

(*Concluded from our last volume, p* 413.)

"THE next morning (continued M. Molten), I desired the girl to be informed that I wished to speak with her. She came, having first questioned the landlady as to my character and intentions, which seemed satisfactory. I made her sit down, and our conversation was a long one. She informed me that her name was Ida;* that, having lost her parents in her cradle, she had been placed in the Orphan-house, where she resided till she went into the service of an old lady, with whom she remained as long as her mistress lived; and that, after her decease, she had found an asylum, for some months, with an honest sempstress of her acquaintance, with whom she continued till the apprehension of being a burthen to her friend induced her to enter into the service of the mistress of the coffee-house; from which, at the end of five days, she had been discharged, as I had witnessed.

'Well, Ida,' said I, 'will you live with me?' 'Ah! sir,' replied she, 'if you were a lady,

* This name, which in other countries appears romantic, is in Germany a very common one among servants.

or even an elderly gentleman——' 'But, Ida, I am thirty-seven years of age, old enough surely to be your father, and I will be one to you.'—'Sir, I can positively serve none but a lady.'—'Well, we will resume this conversation,' said I, 'at another time. In the mean while, accept of this trifle, to buy yourself some cloaths; but, above all, never part with this GREEN PETTICOAT, which I must insist on your promising me always to preserve.'—— 'Sir, you are certainly jesting.——'Not in the least; I only require from you religiously to keep this petticoat.' With these words, I put into her hands a purse containing ten golden Frederics,* and dismissed her.

"I seated myself at my desk, and had been writing a few minutes, when Ida re-appeared, with the purse in her hand, which I had just given her. Advancing, with a timid look, she laid the purse on the table, saying, at the same time, 'As it is not possible, sir, that you could intend to give me so large a sum, I have brought it back.'—'Why not possible?' asked I. 'It is too much, sir, and I have not done any thing to deserve it.'—'Ida, take the money, and do not interrupt me: I am writing letters of business.'—'Indeed, sir, it is too much; it is not natural.'—'How, not natural? You have no money; I have, and give you some of it, and this you think is not natural.'—'It is because—' 'Because what? You blush, and so you ought,

* This Prussian coin is worth 17s. 6d. English money.

for I fancy you have some *bad thought* in your head.'—' Oh, no, sir, I assure you.'—' Ida, listen to me: I feel myself much interested in your welfare, because you appear to me a very good girl; and, on your part, you ought to do me the justice not to suspect me, before I give you cause, of being a seducer of innocence, and consequently a scoundrel.'—' Good God, sir!' ' Well, then, take back this purse, and leave me.'—' But, sir, perhaps you give me this money under an idea that I shall enter into your service, and——' ' No, I do not mean, by this, to engage you in my service: you are perfectly free, and at liberty to quit the house this instant, if it be your wish.'—' Oh, sir, you are so good, that I trust myself entirely to you, and most willingly will I remain here while you reside at Berlin. I request to be allowed to wait on you, to keep your apartments in order, and to do whatever work you may chuse to command me.'—' You are very good, Ida; I will ring when I want you again.'—' Will you permit me, sir, to go out for about an hour and a half.'—' Most willingly; but where do you want to go?'—' I want to purchase a few articles, sir.'—' You may go.' On hearing this, she was much affected; and taking up the purse, she went hastily out of the room.

" I directly ordered a servant of the house to follow her at a distance, and, without being observed, return with her, and bring me an account of what she had done. The servant came in a few minutes after Ida, and, on my questioning him, told me that she had first gone

to William-street, and entered a house next to a grocer's. I immediately judged, that she had been at the poor woman's. She afterward's purchased several little articles at different shops. It was now about ten in the morning; and I immediately went to the poor woman, whom I interrogated closely respecting her visitor. I was greatly affected, on learning that the generous Ida had given her four Fredericks. Being extremely solicitous to know more about this interesting young creature, I went to the Orphan-house, where every part of her story was confirmed by the people, who drew a most pathetic picture of her conduct and character.

At my return, I ordered dinner, at which I was attended by Ida, whom I beheld with an increased interest. As she had mentioned the name of her friend the sempstress, I employed my landlady to find her out, and procure me some farther information respecting Ida. At her return, she told me that the woman, during the time Ida lived with her, had fallen sick, and that Ida had nursed her, worked for her, and even parted with some of her wearing apparel, to procure her a little money. The last circumstance the woman had not discovered till within these few days, and had now actually put into the hands of my landlady some part of the sum with which this good girl had then supplied her.

"Five or six days after, I acquainted Ida, that having settled my affairs, I should immediately return to Breslaw. On hearing this

she burst into tears. 'Ida,' said I, 'why do you weep?'—'I should be very ungrateful, sir,' she replied, 'if I could see you depart without feeling some sorrow.'—'Ida, I am worthy of your confidence: open your heart to me, for I wish, before I go, to see you established in life, and will give you a portion. Tell me, then, if you have any inclination for any particular person, and I will see you married before I go?'—'No, sir, I have not yet thought of marriage; nor have I formed the smallest acquaintance with any young man.'—'Recollect yourself, Ida.'—'Sir, I speak the truth.'—'What, has no one sought your company?'—'None, sir.'—'I will find you a husband.'—'Oh, no, sir, I entreat you!'—'Well, then, will you remain with me, and go to Breslaw?'—'Yes, sir, for I respect you as my father.'—'And I love you, because you are virtuous, and because you do good as it ought to be done, without vanity or ostentation. I wish to be the partner of your benevolent actions, Ida: I therefore desire you to inform the poor woman in William-street that she may depend on receiving annually the sum of twelve Frederics, the bond for which I shall put into her hands before I quit Berlin.'—'O, sir,' said Ida, clasping her hands in the most affecting and expressive manner, 'oh, suffer me to leave you, that I may instantly communicate this intelligence to her;' and without waiting my reply, she left the room.

"The second day after this, the woman was delivered of a girl, which I held at the baptismal font, accompanied by Ida. I gave my

god-child a compleat suit of baby-linen, which Ida had the satisfaction of presenting to the mother, with some money, and the bond that I had promised, properly drawn up and executed.—On returning to my lodgings, Ida was astonished at finding in her apartment a large trunk, containing a quantity of linen, clothes, and lace fit for a lady, with a small open box, that held a few jewels, and a hundred golden Frederics. She sought for the landlady, to ask why all these fine things had been placed in her chamber; and was told, that she only knew they had been left there by my order. Just at this moment I had sent for her. On coming to me, she made the same inquiry. I answered, 'They are all for you.'—'For me, sir!'—'Yes, they belong to you.'—'Fine clothes, jewels, and money!'—'I repeat, that every thing which I have caused to be placed in your room is for yourself.'—'And what use can I put them to? A poor servant, like me, to be so decorated, what would people think of it? Ah! sir you do this to try me.'—'Not in the least; I detest trials, they imply distrust.'—'What, then, is your idea?'—'What is your's? You are afraid to answer. Ah! Ida, you have again bad thoughts in your head.'—'No, not now, sir; I have too much respect for you. But I cannot think that you are serious.'—'I give you my word that you are mistaken.'—'I cannot, sir—it is impossible—I cannot take them.'—'I will not be refused, Ida; I shall look on it as an injurious suspicion, instead of which I merit your esteem and confidence.'—'Ah! sir, God knows

that I honor you, and from the bottom of my soul.'—' Convince me of it, then.'—' How shall I, sir?'—' By accepting my present; which you may safely do, for my intentions are upright and honorable.'—' I will obey you, sir; but you must not insist on my wearing these fine jewels and clothes.'—' Excuse me, you must; and what is more, I must request you to retire to your chamber, and there dress yourself immediately in the handsomest of the dresses. Forget not to put on the necklace and earrings; after which, you must return, for at nine o'clock we are to sup together.'—My God, sir!'—' Not another word, Ida; you must go.'

" I uttered this in such a tone, that Ida, without farther hesitation, left me. It was now seven o'clock in the evening; and having requested the company of two of my friends, they came about eight, and I acquainted them with my future intentions. Soon after, my landlady and the sempstress appeared, but without any intimation of my designs. I now sent for Ida. When she came, it was curious to see her dressed like a lady, with her head bashfully hung down, a smile on her lips, tears in her eyes, her cheeks deeply crimsoned, and incumbered with her hands, and her arms, and the long train of her robe. Her confusion was increased by the appearance of the company, and she endeavoured to conceal her face in the sleeve of her gown, saying, ' I have only obeyed my master's orders.' I went up to her, and taking her hand, ' Ladies,' said I, addressing the landlady

and Ida's friend, 'allow me to present you my future wife, and to invite you to our wedding, which we shall celebrate this day week.'

"At these words the two women uttered an exclamation of joy. Ida blushed, and cried—'Good Heavens, sir!——' She could say no more. I saw that she was fainting, and supporting her, asked her if she consented. 'Oh, sir!' she answered, pressing my hand in her's. She paused; her tears were flowing fast, and fell on my hands! She looked at me with an expression that went to my heart. After a moment's silence, she threw herself at my feet, saying, 'No, sir, no, that must not be, the world would think you wrong, nor will I abuse such generosity!' She uttered this with much vehemence, for the sentiment with which she was filled had dispelled her natural timidity. I raised her up, and leading her to a seat, placed myself beside her. 'Ida,' said I, 'were I a sovereign prince, and thought as I do at this moment, it is certain that I should not chuse any other woman than yourself for my wife; and as, thank Heaven, I am not a prince, but a citizen of Breslaw, there does not seem any thing extraordinary in my marrying a servant of Berlin.

"I say nothing against those people who marry only to increase their income, or to live in a house better furnished, or with more extensive gardens. Still less do I censure or condemn the man who, seduced by the display of great talents and beauty, seeks no farther for the companion of his life than a capital dancer,

or a first-rate singer. But, for myself, I wish for innocence, frankness, and innate goodness. Heaven, in its bounty, placed Ida before me, and I shall be grateful for the knowledge of so much worth to the latest hour of my life. Ida made me no other reply than by throwing herself into my arms, leaning on my shoulder, and hiding her lovely face, which was bathed in tears. The landlady and her friend embraced her; my two friends congratulated me with much emotion, and the rest of the evening passed delightfully to me. Our four guests sincerely participated in our felicity, and the artless Ida, giving loose to the joy that filled her heart, repeated every minute, 'Ah! how happy I am!'

"The following day, our good landlady undertook to dress my Ida, whose natural charms, being set off with much taste, appeared lovely to every beholder. She went out in a carriage, and calling in William-street, communicated her happy prospects to the woman who had so much right to interest herself in her fate. The sempstress, as well as the landlady, received a handsome present; and in the evening I supped tête-à-tête with Ida.

"It was determined that our marriage should be solemnized, without any parade, in my drawing-room; and that, at our wedding-dinner, there should be present only the clergyman and the four friends whom I had invited.

"The evening preceding the solemnity, Ida asked me how she should be dressed on the morrow. 'Ida,' said I, 'we shall be seen

only by those friends who are acquainted with all the circumstances of our story, what I am about to propose, therefore, will not appear so ridiculous. Can you consent to wear that dress in which, to my eyes, you will look the best?' 'Oh, yes! for that can alone please myself!' 'Well, then, put on your GREEN PETTICOAT.' 'That old petticoat, full of patches!'—'Ida, my dear girl, it was in that petticoat you won my heart. I have requested that you will always keep it, for, to me, it is so precious, that I wish to consecrate it to our loves, and intend that you shall wear it yearly on our wedding-day, and on every anniversary of my birth. I will not tell you not to be ashamed of wearing a garment which must ever bring to your recollection an honorable poverty; for I should rather be tempted to fear that you might not wear it without feeling a degree of pride, as it must remind you of a most charitable and virtuous action. You are not the first young woman whose condition in life has been changed by love; but there are very few who, like you, can ascribe their good fortune only to their virtue. Be then, always humble, good, and feeling; remain ever the beneficent Ida; preserve the same title, the same character, and the same manners. As to myself, far from being desirous to conceal your birth and condition in life, I shall with pleasure inform my relations and friends of both, and I shall take no small honor to myself for having chosen such a wife. My affection for Ida will manifest my love of virtue. Now tell me, do you consent to wear the

GREEN PETTICOAT?'—'Yes, and with all my heart!' eagerly cried Ida; 'I love it, too, I owe it so much; and, did I not fear to wear it quite out, would be happy to wear it every day!'

"In short, Ida, to the great mortification of her friend the sempstress and my landlady, was the next day married in the green petticoat.—But when the nuptial benediction had been bestowed, I requested her to yield to the intreaties of her friends—the green petticoat was deposited in a trunk, and Ida was arrayed in her handsomest dress.

"I remained a few days longer at Berlin, after which I returned with my bride to Breslaw.—During the two years succeeding our marriage, I attended to the education of Ida, which had been began, and to my satisfaction, at the Orphan-house at Berlin. You may have perceived the sentiments and principles of Ida; she moreover wrote a good hand, knew something of accounts, and had not any dislike to work. I compleated the formation of her mind, by giving her good advice, and introducing her to a select society of friends. I knew that it was no difficult task to enlarge and compleat a mind that nothing had vitiated, when that mind is united to a feeling and spotless soul. Ida is to me, at this moment, not only a gentle, attentive, and affectionate companion, but an excellent manager in the house, and a most useful friend, whom I can always consult with advantage to myself, especially in whatever concerns my interest. In a word, I married to make

myself happy in a domestic life, and this wish, so natural, yet so seldom formed, I feel most compleatly gratified."

M. Molten having ended, Valcour turned towards Ida; then, putting one knee to the ground, he bent forward, and kissed the hem of the GREEN PETTICOAT: and never was the splendid train of a queen or an empress saluted with a more respectful veneration!

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHNSON THE SMUGGLER.

OUR readers are no strangers to the history of this gentleman. The following anecdote of him, communicated from the continent, is neither uninstructive nor unentertaining.

A man of notorious celebrity in the annals of smuggling, and whose name is Johnson, had by some extraordinary exertions escaped from a prison in London about eight or ten months ago. He fled to the continent, and resided principally at Flushing. On the commencement of hostilities, this man was arrested by order of the French government, and conveyed to a prison at Boulogne. He was accused of having piloted the English fleet to the Helder during the late war, when our army invaded Holland under the command of the ever to be lamented Abercromby. In a few days after Johnson was lodged in confinement, a marine officer (who for some time past had been sedu-

lously employed in obtaining English pilots) called upon him, and, after some preliminary observations entered upon the chief object of his mission. "I am told," said the officer, "you are well acquainted with the opposite coast."—"I know every sounding and creek," replied Johnson, "and what then?"—"Why, my *good friend*," continued the visitor, "if you will engage to pilot a certain division of the French fleet to the English coast, and conduct yourself on that occasion with *fidelity*, I am directed to say a general pardon will not only be granted you, but an ample provision settled upon you during the remainder of your life."—The answer of this *virtuous delinquent* should never be forgotten: "Sir," replied Johnson, "I have not been kindly treated by my country, but notwithstanding that, I cannot be a traitor! I consider your proposal, sir, as an insult, and treat it with the disdain it merits." The officer admiring his principles and resolution, endeavoured to sooth him into compliance, which Johnson observing, very calmly said to him—"Do not endeavour, sir, to render me a villain in my own estimation; indeed, were I to undertake the treason you propose, I am confident, that in the hour of trial my heart would guide me to my duty, and I should betray you." This roused the Frenchman, who exclaimed, "Then, villain, you shall die!"—"With all my heart," said Johnson, and in a tone of voice highly expressive of his determination, "the sooner the better; I am prepared. I have no favor to ask but one: over the grave let it be written,

'Here lies an honorable English smuggler, who scorned to betray his country!' Thus ended the conversation, and the hero now remains in prison at Boulogne, with no other chance for life than his acquiescence in the above proposal.

DISPOSITIONS OF A FRENCHMAN AND AN ENGLISHMAN.

THE former is as free in a company he never saw before, as if he had seen them every day of his life; but an Englishman, on the contrary, will run into a corner, twist his thumbs, and if you can get "yes" and "no" from him, without stuttering, after he has been there for twelve hours in your company, you may think yourself very well off. I believe that the perpetual gaiety of our neighbours arises from the freedom with which they discourse with one another, and from their running, when they see a croud, and pulling out a snuff box, beginning, without farther ceremony, to chat with every one present about what's passing; by this means they soon forget any little calamity that may afflict them. But if an Englishman labour under any, he will speak to nobody, but hastening into solitude, mope and drive himself into such a state of melancholy as nothing but hanging can cure. The taciturnity of an Englishman admits a contradiction in one sense. He is the most perfect living thermometer and barometer in the universe: if all his friends had lost their sense of feeling and see-

ing, they would know as well from him, every time they met him, whether the weather was hot or cold, wet or dry, as if they had the liveliest use of both.

THE PROSPECT FROM ST. PAUL'S DOME.

I NOW ascended several steps to the great gallery, which runs on the outside of St. Paul's great dome, and here I remained nearly two hours, as I could hardly, in less time, satisfy myself with the prospect of the various interesting objects that lay all around me, and which can no where be better seen than from hence.

Every view and every object I studied attentively, by viewing them again and again on every side, for I was anxious to make a lasting impression of it on my imagination. Below me lay steeples, houses, and palaces, in countless numbers; the squares, with their grass plots in the middle, that lay agreeably dispersed intermixed with all the huge clusters of buildings, forming meanwhile a pleasing contrast and a relief to the jaded eye.

At one end rose the Tower, itself a city, with a wood of masts behind it; and, at the other, Westminster Abbey, with its steeples. There I beheld, clad in smiles, those beautiful green hills that skirt the environs of Paddington and Islington; here, on the opposite bank of the Thames, lay Southwark. The city itself it seems to be impossible for any eye to take in entirely, for, with all my pains, I found it impossible to ascertain either where it ended

or where the circumjacent villages began: far as the eye could reach it seemed to be all one continued chain of buildings.

It is, however, idle and vain to attempt giving you in words any description, however faint and imperfect, of such a prospect as I have just been viewing. He who wishes, at one view, to see a world in miniature, must come to the dome of St. Paul's.

SELECT SENTENCES.

No two things can be so contradictory, so much at variance, as truth and falsehood; and yet none are so mixed and united.

A fool is not always without wit; and it is when he shows wit that he is insupportable. His wit is like an edged tool put into the hands of a child: without it he might be harmless.

Wit gives confidence, less than confidence gives wit.

The most flattering dominion is that over other men's minds. What is the influence of a minister compared with that of the head of a sect?

Good sense is a feeble light, which illumines a confined horizon, and is sufficient to conduct him safely whose views do not extend beyond it.

There are happy days, but not happy lives.

A woman, among savages, is a beast of burden; in the east, a piece of furniture; and in Europe, a spoiled child.

Some men are seldom *out* of humour, because

they are seldom *in* humour. We read of a wit who, on his servant giving him warning, asked why he wished to leave him. The man replied, his temper was so violent. "But," said the wit, "my ill humour is soon off."—"Yes," replied the servant, "but it is then soon on again."

How are pleasures, the world, and fortune to be justly appreciated? Life is divided into two epochas, that of desires, and that of disgust. The odour of the dishes is delicious to the hungry guests who sit down to table, but disgusting to those who have made a good dinner.

Happiness and pleasure affect us in a different manner, and, to a certain degree, have nothing in common with each other. Pleasure cannot be lasting; it would soon lose its charms, because the mind and senses would soon quickly be weakened by its vivacity.—Pleasure is not, like happiness, within ourselves; it is accidental, and depends on others. Every person may feel a lively pleasure; but the heart only can render us capable of tasting happiness: for which reason, those who possess not exquisite sensibility, have no pretensions to it. Happiness resembles a gentle warmth proceeding from ourselves: pleasure, which is more exterior and lively, but less durable, affects us like adventitious heat, of which we are soon deprived, because it is not natural.

DESCRIPTION OF TINTERN ABBEY,

AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

From Barber's Tour through South Wales.

HOW teeming with objects of curiosity and beauty is Monmouthshire! Within two or three miles of Piercefield we reached the justly-famed ruin of TINTERN ABBEY: its dark mouldering walls, solemnly rising above surrounding trees, appeared to us, in turning from a deep-wooded hollow with a most impressive effect.* At the village adjoining we put up at the Beaufort Arms, the landlord of which, Mr. Gething, holds the key of the ruin, and who, extraordinary as it may seem, unites unaffected civility and kindness with upwards

* This part of our journey, in wading through a right Welch road, brought to my mind an anecdote of Mr. Morris. When a bill was before the House of Commons for the improvement of the roads in Monmouthshire, many gentlemen of the county, willing to plod through the same mire that had bedaubed their ancestors, gave it a strong opposition. Mr. Morris, who had a mind above vulgar prejudices, and who was a warm promoter of every useful improvement, being examined at the bar of the House, and questioned, "What roads have you in Monmouthshire?" replied, "None."—"How do you travel, then?"—"In ditches," was his reply.

of forty years initiation into the business of an inn-keeper, and, as the neighbours say, a well-lined purse. Passing the works of an iron foundry, and a train of miserable cottages engrafted on the offices of the abbey, we found ourselves under the west front of the ruin.—This confined approach, incumbered by mean buildings, is not calculated to inspire one with a very high estimation of its consequence: but on the door's being thrown open, an effect bursts on the spectator, of so majestic and singular a description, that words can neither do justice to its merit, nor convey an adequate idea of the scene. It is neither a mere creation of art nor an exhibition of nature's charms, but a grand spectacle, in which both seem to have blended their powers in producing something beautiful and sublime!

Through long ranges of Gothic pillars and arches, some displaying all the exquisite workmanship of their clustered shafts, while others are hung with shadowy festoons of ivy, or lightly decorated with its waving tendrils, the eye passes; and for a moment arrested by the lofty arches rising in the middle of the structure that formerly supported the tower, it glides to the grand window at the termination of the ruin. Beyond this aperture, distinguished by a shaft of uncommon lightness springing up the middle, some wild wooded hills on the opposite side of the Wye rear their dusky summits, and close the scene with much congenial grandeur. The ruin is generally in a high state of preservation; the outer walls are perfect; and the

elegant tracery of the west window above the entrance has not suffered in one of its members. A singular circumstance of this ruin, and to which may be ascribed its superior effect, is, that the fallen roof and all the other rubbish have been removed to the original level of the pavement by order of the Duke of Beaufort, and a greensward smooth as a bowling-green extended throughout. Hence all the parts rise in their original and due proportion, and with an undisturbed effect. At the same time, the uniformity of a lawn-like surface is diversified with several clumps, consisting of broken columns, cornices, and the mutilated effigies of monks and heroes,* whose ashes repose within the walls: light branching trees start from their interstices, and throw a doubtful shadow over the sculptured fragments.

Tintern Abbey is cruciform; the length of the nave and choir is 230 feet; their width, 33; and it is 160 feet to the extremes of the transept. It was founded for Cistercian monks by Walter de Clare, anno 1131; and in 1268, according to William of Worcester, the abbot and monks entered the choir, and celebrated the first mass at the high altar. It is probable

* A rough carved figure of a man in a coat of mail is shewn as the effigy of Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, the founder of the abbey. This account, however, is altogether erroneous: Richard was only great nephew of the founder, and was buried in the chapter-house of Glouçester.

that only that part of the building was then completed, as the other parts of the church are of a later style of architecture; and it was no uncommon thing for the choir to be built and consecrated before the rest of the structure was finished.

On entering the abbey, it was determined that we should proceed no further that day: getting rid, therefore, of my companion and landlord, who retired in a consultation about dinner, I locked myself in, and employed several hours without interruption in sketching the interesting features of the ruin. At an early hour the following morning we sallied from our inn, and crossing the Wye, were greeted with a new effect of the abbey. Majestically towering above encircling trees, the external elevation arose in nearly its original grandeur. The walls, though clad with moss and tender lichens, appeared nowhere dismantled; yet might an eye, anxious after picturesque forms, be offended with the uniform angles and straight lines of the gable ends and parapets. We walked along the banks of the sinuous river about half a mile from the ferry, when the ruin presented itself in a very agreeable point of view. Looking full through the grand aperture of the eastern window, the rows of columns and arches, overhung with clustering ivy, wore the appearance of a delightful grove; and at the end of the perspective, the elegant tracery of the opposite window, besprinkled with verdure, was well defined, and in its distant tint had an admirable effect. These views of the mouldering

abbey, combined with the wild scenery of the Wye, and the kindred gloom of a louring atmosphere, were truly impressive and grand; yet they scarcely excited such sensations of awful sublimity as we felt on our first visit to the interior of the ruin.

In our different walks between the inn and the abbey, we were regularly beset with importunities for alms: the labouring man abandoned his employment, and the housewife her family, at the sight of a stranger, to obtain a few pence by debasing clamour. This system of begging we found to arise from the late distresses, particularly that of the preceding year, which, bearing on the great class of the people with an almost annihilating pressure, entitled them to the sympathy and assistance of those whom fortune had blessed with prosperity: they had strained their aching sinews to meet the exigence, yet their utmost exertions proved inadequate to the means of support. Thus situated, alms or outrage formed their alternate resources; but, happily, in the benevolence of the affluent they found an asylum. This pressure was fast withdrawing, but its effects remained; they had tasted the sweets of indolence, of support without exertion; they no longer felt the dignity of independance (for the odium of begging was withdrawn by invincible necessity); and they continued the unworthy trade without remorse. Excepting a few significant curtsies in the manufactories of Neath, this was the first instance of the sort that we met with during our tour. In other places, industry was

urged to its highest exertion; here, by an increased weight of necessity, it sunk beneath the pressure.

The iron-works of Tintern I believe to be almost the only concern in the neighbourhood of Wales where the old method of fusing the ore by charcoal furnaces continues to be practised. The manufacture is pursued to the forming of fine wire and plates.

The mineral wealth of this district was not unknown to the ancients; for large quantities of scoria imperfectly separated from the metal, which are evidently the refuse of Roman bloomeries, and many furnaces whose origin no tradition reaches, appear in several parts of the country. These Roman cinders have been in many places reworked, according to modern improvements in metallurgy, and made to yield a considerable portion of metal. The decline of the ancient works is justly attributed to their exhausting the forests which formerly overspread Wales, for charcoal, until they were at length entirely stopped for want of fuel. But within this half century, coke made from pit-coal, which possesses the essential principles of charcoal, has been applied with success to the fusing of ore: in consequence, very numerous iron-mines have been opened, and aided by an inexhaustible supply of coals, their produce has exceeded even the sanguine hopes of the projectors. It must, however, be remarked, that iron made with pit-coal is of inferior tenacity and ductility to that manufactured by means of charcoal. Whether this arises from a radical

defect in the material used, from a too prodigal use of calcareous earth to facilitate the flux of the metal, or any other cause, remains yet to be determined.

I cannot take leave of Tintern without mentioning a circumstance for the benefit of those tourists who may have an obstinate beard, or a too pliant skin. Having dispatched an attendant for a barber on my arriving at the inn, a *blacksmith* was forthwith introduced, who proved to be the only shaver in the village. The appearance of this man, exhibiting, with all the sootiness of his employment, his brawny black arms bare to the shoulders, did not flatter me with hopes of a very mild operation; nor were they increased upon his producing a razor that for massiveness might have served a Polypheme. I sat down, however, and was plentifully besmeared with suds; after which he endeavoured to supply the deficiency of an edge, by exerting his ponderous strength in three or four such scrapes as, without exciting my finer feelings, drew more tears into my eyes than might have sufficed for a modern comedy. I waited for no more; but releasing myself from his gripe, determined to pass for a Jew rabbi, rather than undergo the penance of any more shaving at Tintern.

For the Monthly Visitor.

AN EXHORTATION TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

By a Lady.

DEARLY BELOVED,

AS one who looks forward with anguish of spirit to the sorrowful events that may possibly take place in our land, when all the tender feelings of the sex will be called into exercise, when the affectionate wife will have to lament the departure of her husband; the tender mother, the sons she has brought forth and nourished up with many cares; the younger women, not only those brothers who have been partakers of their affection from the days of their infancy, but also those to whom they may be on the point of the closest union; and see them in arms, going out to fight against an inveterate foe, from whence they may never return! Let us, for a moment, conceive the enemy conquerors—marching into our city—tearing the infant from the tender bosom of the distracted mother, and dashing them against the wall before our eyes. Let us behold the daughters we have been endeavouring to bring up in all the principles of modesty and virtue, torn from us by the very hands that have been imbrued in the blood of those we held most dear. Surely the idea of these horrid scenes are sufficient to harrow up the soul of every compassionate mother,

and cause her, in an agony of despair to cry—"What shall we do to escape these awful judgments?"

As one, I say, who views with concern the possible approach of these calamities, not only for herself, but for her fellow-sufferers, knowing there is but one way whereby we may escape the evils which are apparently suspended over our wretched heads, I do most affectionately invite, and most importunately beseech you, to join with me in the use of the means which the Creator of the universe has pointed out in the sacred scriptures of truth, by which we may not only avoid the evil of his fierce anger, which he has determined to pour out upon the impenitent nations, but may call down that blessing which, it is said, we shall not be able to receive for the fulness thereof.

Come then, my beloved, and let us take the advice of our adorable Redeemer, and with true penitent hearts enter into our closets, and pray to our heavenly Father, who seeth in secret, and he will reward us openly. Let us come before him with weeping and supplication, and by mighty prayer invoke that aid, without which we are in evil case: for it is not all the armies we can raise, nor the fleets we can man, that will avail us any thing, unless our arms are strengthened by the mighty God of Jacob. We know from the word of God, that the race is not given to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor yet favor to the men of skill: for the Lord is able to make one chace a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight;

and he is also able to turn the wisdom of the wise into foolishness, and bring all their councils to nought. Let us then embrace the proffered mercy of this mighty God, who not only holds out salvation to us as individuals, but as a whole nation, when he sweetly invites us to call upon him in the time of trouble, and he will deliver us, and we shall glorify him: and when he says, look unto me, and be ye saved; repent, and turn yourselves all from your transgressions, so iniquity shall not be your ruin; cast away from you all your transgressions whereby ye have transgressed, and make you a new heart and a new spirit. Sin being the procuring cause of all our evils, the Lord has graciously intreated us to forsake it; and then, with all the tenderness of a compassionate Saviour, shewing his reluctance to destroy us, says, "For why will ye die, O house of Israel? for I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God, wherefore turn yourselves and live ye." And for further encouragement to prayer, let us go to the prophecy of Isaiah, and look in the days of Hezekiah, and see the host of Senacherib, King of Assyria, coming against Jerusalem, boasting of his success over the nations, saying, "Where are the gods of Hamath and Harphad? where are the gods of Sepharvaim? have they delivered Samaria out of my hand?" Methinks this is not unlike the boasting of our haughty and insulting foe who now threatens us with invasion. Let us, then, as no doubt the daughters of Judah did, call fervently and instantly upon the Lord

for help, in this our time of extremity; that he may likewise put his hook into the nose of our enemies, that they may return back by the way they came; that the daughter of our land may, in like manner, despise, laugh to scorn, and shake her head at that enemy from whom, should we be permitted to fall into his hands, according to every account, we can expect no mercy.

Let us not then be found among the careless women spoken of in scripture, who are sitting at ease when the threatening voice of God's judgments should awake us from our lethargy, to cry unto him who waiteth to be gracious;—for the prophet Isaiah saith, "Therefore will he wait that he may be gracious; and therefore he will be exalted that he may have mercy upon you: for the Lord is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for him: for the people shall dwell in Zion at Jerusalem, thou shalt weep no more, he will be very gracious unto thee, at the voice of thy cry, when he shall hear it, he will answer thee." What blessed encouragement is this for us to take the Lord at his own word, and pray day and night unto him, and (as his word expresses it) give him no rest till he shall accomplish Jerusalem a praise on the earth.

Let us then put off our tinkling ornaments, not adorning ourselves for the card-tables, the play-house, or the assembly-rooms; but with modest apparel let us repair to the house of God, there to perform the vows made at our baptism, binding the sacrifice with cords, even

to the horns of the altar, by receiving the cup of salvation, and calling upon the name of the Lord.—Then let our enemies threaten, for if the Lord is on our side, we will not fear what man can do unto us, being fully persuaded that greater is he that is for us than he that is against us.

That we may be the people that hears the joyful sound, and holds the truth in righteousness, the people of whom the Lord shall say—"This people I have formed for my praise," is the fervent prayer of one who not only wishes the temporal prosperity, but the eternal salvation of the inhabitants of this land, from the king upon his throne to the meanest of his subjects. May God grant it for his glory!

THE STRANGER IN FRANCE.

BY JOHN CARR, ESQ.

FROM this pleasing work, we, last month, extracted an account of the College of the Deaf and Dumb, in the city of Paris; and now proceed to give our readers another specimen of this gentleman's happy talent at literary description. The work is divided into chapters, and in the seventh we have the following:—

I have before (says the author) had occasion to mention the humane conduct of Madame G—— towards the persecuted abbé; she soon afterwards, with the principal ladies of the city, fell under the displeasure of Robespierre and

his agents. Their only crime was wealth honorably acquired. A committee, composed of the most worthless people of Rouen, was formed, who, in the name of, and for the use of the nation, seized upon the valuable stock of Messrs. G——, who were natives of France. In one night, by torchlight, their extensive warehouses were sacked, and all their stores were forcibly sold in the public market place to the best bidder: the plundered merchants were paid the amount of the sale in assignats, in a paper currency which then bore an enormous discount, and shortly afterwards retained only the value of the paper upon which the national note was written. In short, in a few hours an honorable family, nobly allied, were despoiled of property to the amount of 25,000l. sterling. Other merchants shared the same fate.

This act of robbery was followed by an act of cruelty. Madame G——, the mother, who was born in England, and who married a French gentleman of large fortune, whom she survived, of a delicate frame and advanced in years, was committed to prison, where, with many other female sufferers, she was closely confined for eleven months, during which time she was compelled to endure all sorts of privations.—After the committee of rapine had settled their black account, and had remitted the guilty balance to their employers, the latter, in a letter of "friendly collusion, and fraudulent familiarity," after passing a few revolutionary jokes upon what occurred, observed that the G——s seemed to bleed very freely, and that as it was

likely they must have credit with many persons to a large amount, directed their obedient and active banditti, to order these devoted gentlemen to draw, and to deliver to them, their draughts upon all such persons who stood indebted to their extensive concern. In the words of a celebrated orator,* "Though they had shaken the tree till nothing remained upon the leafless branches, yet a new flight was on the wing, to watch the first buddings of its prosperity, and to nip every hope of future foliage and fruit."

The G——s expected this visit, and, by an ingenious and justified expedient, prevented their perdition from becoming decisive.

Soon after the gates of the prison were closed upon Madame G——, her eldest son, a man of commanding person and eloquent address, in defiance of every friendly and of every affectionate entreaty, flew to Paris.

It was in the evening of the last winter which beheld its snows crimsoned with revolutionary carnage, when he presented himself, undismayed, before that committee, whose horrible nature will be better described by merely relating the names of its members, then sitting, than by the most animated and elaborate delineations of all its deadly deeds of rapine and of blood. At a table covered with green cloth, shabbily lighted, in one of the committee-rooms

* Vide Sheridan's oration against Hastings upon the Begum charge.

of the national assembly were seated Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, Carnot, and David. They were occupied in filling up the lists for the *permanent* guillotine, erected very near them, in la Place de la Revolution, which the executioners were then clearing of its gore, and preparing for the next day's butchery. In this devoted capital more blood had, during that day, streamed upon the scaffold, than on any one day during the revolution.

The terrified inhabitants, in darkness, in remote recesses of their desolate houses, were silently offering up a prayer to the great God of Mercy to release them, in a way most suitable to his wisdom, from such scenes of deep dismay and remorseless slaughter.

Robespierre, as usual, was dressed with great neatness and gaiety; the savage was generally *scented*, whilst his associates were habited, en jacobin, in the squalid filthy fashion of that era of the revolution, in the dress of blackguards.

Mr. G—— bowed, and addressed them very respectfully: "I am come, citizens, before you," said this amiable son, "to implore the release of my mother; she is pining in the prison of Rouen, without having committed any offence; she is in years; and if her confinement continues, her children, whose fortunes have been placed at the disposal of the national exigencies, will have to lament her death;—grant the prayer of her son: restore, I conjure you by all the rights of nature, restore her to her afflicted family." Robespierre looked obliquely at him, and with his accustomed

sharpness interrupted him from proceeding further, by exclaiming, "What right have you to appear before us, miscreant? you are an agent of Pitt and Cobourg (the then common phrase of reproach); you shall be sent to the guillotine! Why are you not at the frontiers?"

Mons. G——, unappalled, replied, "Give me my mother, and I will be there to-morrow, I am ready instantly to spill my blood, if it must be the price of her discharge." Robespierre, whose savage soul was occasionally moved by sights of heroic virtue, seemed impressed by this brave and unusual address. He paused, and after whispering a few words to his associates, wrote the discharge, and handing it over to a soldier, for the successful petitioner, he fiercely told him to retire.

Mr. G—— instantly set out for Rouen, where, after a long and severe journey, he arrived, exhausted with fatigue and agitation of mind; without refreshment, this excellent man flew to the gates of the prison which contained his mother, and presented the discharge to the gaoler, who drily, with a brutal grin, informed him, that a trick had been played off upon him, that he had just received a counter order, which he held in his hand, and refused to release her!!

It turned out, that immediately after Mr. G—— had left the committee-room, the relenting disposition, which he had momentarily awakened in the barbarous breast of Robespierre, had subsided.

The generous sentiment was of a short and sickly growth, and withered under the gloomy fatal shade of his sanguinary nature. A chasseur had been dispatched with the counter-order, who passed the exulting but deluded G—— on the road.

A short time after this, and a few days before Madame G—— and her unhappy companions were to have perished on the scaffold, the gates of their prison flew open, the world was released from a monster—Robespierre was no more.

This interesting recital I received from one of the amiable sufferers, in our way to St. Catharine's Mount. The story afforded a melancholy contrast to the rich and cheerful scenes about us.

From the attic story of a lofty house, built under this celebrated cliff, we ascended that part of it which, upon the road to Paris, is only accessible in this manner. When we reached the top, the prospect was indeed superb; on one side we traced for miles the romantic meanders of the Seine, every where forming little islands of poplars; before us, melting away in the horizon, were the blue mountains of Lower Normandy; at their feet, a variegated display of meadows forests, corn fields, and vineyards; immediately below us, the city of Rouen and its beautiful suburbs. This delicious and expanded prospect we enjoyed upon a seat erected near a little oratory, which is built upon the top of the mountain, resting, at one end, upon the pedestal of a cross, which, in the times of

the revolution, had been shattered and overturned.

From this place, before dinner, we proceeded to la Montagne, a wild and hilly country, lying opposite to St. Catharine's. Here we were overtaken by a storm, upon which a curé, who had observed us from his little cottage, not far distant, and who had been very lately reinstated in the cure of the church in the neighbouring village, came out to us, with an umbrella, and invited us to dinner.

Upon our return to our inn to dress, we were annoyed by a nuisance which had before frequently assailed us. I knew a man, who, in a moment of ill humour, vented ra her a revengeful wish that the next neighbour of his enemy might have a child who was fond of a *whistle* and a *drum!* A more insufferable nuisance was destined for us: the person who lodged in the next room to mine was a beginner (and a dull one too) upon the *trumpet*. It was General Ruffin, forcing from this brazen tube sounds which certainly would have set a kennel of hounds in a cry of agony, and were almost calculated to disturb the repose of the dead. Gen. Ruffin, in all other respects, was a very polite, and indeed a very *quiet* young man, and a brave warrior; but in the display of his passion for music, I fear he mistook either his talent or his instrument. At one time we thought of inviting him to dine with us, that we might have a little respite; but after debating the matter well over, we conceived that to entertain an Italian hero as he ought to be received by those who

admire valour even in an enemy, was purchasing silence at a very advanced price, so we submitted to the evil with that resignation which generally follows the incurable absence of a remedy.

We now addressed ourselves to Madame P———, to know how long the general had learned the trumpet, and whether his leisure hours were generally occupied in this way.—Madame P——— was, strange to tell, not very able to afford us much information upon the subject. She was under the influence of love. The natural tranquillity of her disposition was improved by the prospect of connubial happiness which (although a widow, and touching the frontier of her eight and thirtieth year) she shortly expected to receive from the son of a neighbouring architect, who was then a minor. In this blissful frame of mind, our fair hostess scarcely knew when the trumpet of Gen. Ruffin sounded. Her soul was in harmony with all the world, and it was not in the power of the demon of discord, nor even of this annoying brazen tube, to disturb her. Madame P——— well deserved to be blessed with such equanimity, and, if *she* liked it, with such a lover, for she was a generous and good creature.

A gentleman to whom I was afterwards introduced, when the revolution began to grow hot, fled with his lady and his children into a foreign country, where, upon the relics of a shattered fortune he remained, until things wore a better aspect, and enabled him, with a

prospect of safety, to return to his native country. In better times, upon his annual visits to a noble chateau, and large estates which he once possessed in this part of Normandy, he was accustomed to stop at the Hotel de Poitiers. His equipage was then splendid, and suitable to his affluent circumstances. Upon his return to France, this gentleman, harassed by losses, and fatigued by sickness, arrived with his accomplished lady, and their elegant children, to a hired cabriole, at the gate of Madame P———. As soon as their name was announced, the grateful hostess presented herself before them, and kissing the children, burst into tears of joy; when she had recovered herself, she addressed her old patron, by expressing her hopes, that he had amended his fortune abroad, and was now returning to enjoy himself in tranquillity at home. "Alas! my good Madame P——," said this worthy gentleman, "we left our country, as you know, to save our lives; we have subsisted upon the remains of our fortune ever since, and have sustained heavy and cruel losses; we have been taken prisoners upon our passage, and are now returning to our home, if any is left to us, to solicit some reparation for our sufferings. Times are altered, Madame P———, you must not now consider me as formerly, when I expended the gifts of Providence in a manner which I hope was not altogether unworthy of the bounty which showered them upon me, we must bow down to such dispensations; you see I am candid with you. We are fatigued, and want refreshment: give

us, my good landlady, a little plain dinner, such as is suitable to our present condition."

Madame P——— was so much affected, that she could make no reply, and left the room.

Immediately all the kitchen was in a bustle, every pot and pan were placed in instant requisition, the chamber-maids were sent to the neighbouring confectioners for cake, and the porter was dispatched all over the metropolis for the choicest fruits. In a short time a noble dinner was served up to this unfortunate family, followed by confectionary, fruits, and burgundy. When the repast was over, Mons. O——— ordered his bill, and his cabriole to be got ready. Madame P——— entered, and in the most amiable manner requested him, as she had exceeded his orders, to consider the dinner as a little acknowledgment of her sense of past favors; money, though earnestly pressed upon her, she would not receive.

The whole of this interesting party were moved to tears by this little act of nature and generosity. When they entered their carriage, they found in it bouquets of flowers, and boxes of cakes for the little children. No doubt Madame P——— moved lighter that day than she ever did in her life, and perhaps found the remembrance of her conduct upon the occasion almost as exquisite as the hours of love, which she appeared most happily to enjoy, when we had the honor of being under her roof.

Mons. O——— could not help exhibiting much feeling when he related this little event to me. I must not fail to mention that all the

house seemed, for the moment, infected with the happy disease of the mistress. General Ruffin's valet de chambre was in love with Dorothée, our chamber-maid; the porter was pining for a little black eyed grisette, who sold prints and pastry in a stall opposite; and the ostler was eternally quarrelling with the chef de cuisine, who repelled him from the kitchen, which, in the person of the assistant cook, a plump rosy Norman girl, contained all the treasure of his soul—love and negligence reigned throughout the household. We rang the bells, and sacre dieu'd, but all in vain, we suffered great inconvenience, but who could be angry? In the course of our walks, and conversations with the workmen whom we met, we found that most of the masons and gardeners of Rouen had fought in the memorable, bloody, and decisive battle of Mareng, at which it appears that a great part of the military of France, within four or five hundred miles of the capital, were present. The change they presented was worthy of observation: we saw men sun-browned in campaigns, and enured to all the ferocity of war, at the sound of peace assuming all the tranquil habits of ingenious industry or rustic simplicity. Some of them were occupied in forming the shapeless stone into graceful embellishments for elegant houses, and others in disposing, with botanic taste, the fragrant parterre. After spending four very delightful days in this agreeable city, I bade adieu to my worthy companion, Capt. W. C———, whose intention it was to spend his time here, and

those friends, from whom I had received great attention and hospitalities, and wishing the amiable Madame P——— many happy years, and receiving from her the same assurances of civility, about seven o'clock in the evening I seated myself in the diligence for Paris, and in a comfortable corner of it, after we had passed the pavé, resigned myself to sleep.

WHIMSICAL DESCRIPTION OF A SHOPPING MORNING

AMONG THE FASHIONABLES AT THE WEST END OF THE TOWN.

From a Series of Letters from Mr. Pratt to a Friend.

——— AND a difficult piece of work, I assure you, my dear Baron, they have of it. The beautiful creatures step into these gilded show-boxes, and are paraded from Pall-Mall to Bond-street, and from Bond-street to Pall-Mall. They then make a tour of half a dozen of the squares; drop half a score of their cards; pay half a score of five minute visits; and then again to Pall-Mall and Bond-street: unless it be, indeed, that toil of all their toils—a determined *shopping*-morning, when a seven o'clock dinner is often found to come too soon for their grand operations!

Now if you would have a right notion of the patience and forbearance of an English tradesman at the polite end of the town, you must accompany me on a tour of the fashion ware-

houses. We shall easily mark those that have the run and the rage of the day by the press of carriages waiting at the doors. On entering any of these, when the town is what we call full, you would find much of the beauty, fortune and fashion of the country split into little shopping parties; and you would, at the same time, have a view of the riches and commerce of the kingdom in the almost endless variety of decorations displayed to captivate fancy beyond the power of female resistence, and which

"Scarce the firm philosopher can scorn."

You remember the exclamation of the ancient philosopher, on his survey of an Athenian fashion-shop, "How many things are here that I do *not* want!" And, indeed, not a few of our British fair, though, perhaps, on no philosophic principle, might adopt the sage's language; for, after rummaging every window, crouding every counter, emptying every drawer, asking questions, disputing the truth of answers—how many of them trip again into their carriages, or tramp away in groups—finding fault with or praising every thing—purchasing nothing! or, what is yet worse, buying much, and paying little!

Yet, to see the shopman all this time! He, accustomed to these matters, good easy man, says nothing to this general toss and tumble of his property, but parts with the charming tumblers and tossers even as he received them—with one of his very best bows. Talk not to me then any more of your Sophocles, Platos, Se-

necas, &c.—your only true philosopher, my dear Baron, is an English tradesman of this metropolis on a shopping day! O, my conscience! had you seen what, I trust, you will see, you must have acknowledged that one of the great practical philosophers now under consideration might have set an example of patience to Seneca, or even to Job himself. And our poet Hayley ought at least to have divided the rewards and honors of a triumph of TEMPER betwixt the said philosophers and philosopheresses—whether mercers or milliners—with the lovely SERENA.

But, on the other hand, our lace and linen, silk and muslin peripatetics of the counter know how to calculate. They are as good aritheticians as philosophers; and the tumblers and tossers who buy nothing are few in comparison of those who touch and take the commodity.—Aware of this, they endure the time-killing trifling of the one for the solid merchandizing of the other. And, for once or twice in a man's life, it is really amusing to see how the fair traffickers proceed. From the purchases of a single morning's walk, you would naturally suppose that our wealth is in proportion to our commerce; and that, while we are talking of war, taxes, and ruin, our ladies contrive to throw a gauze covering over the monsters, and make them as soft and smooth as so many Cupids, in silk bandeaus, all smiling upon you, as if war, ruin, and taxes were the merriest trio in the world.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

HAY-MARKET.

ON Wednesday, August 31, was produced, for the first and last time, a farce called "*Nicodemus in Despair*," ascribed to the Margravine of Anspach. Nicodemus is a blundering awkward servant, who breaks the cups and saucers while wiping them, scalds his master while handing the kettle, throws salt into his eyes, is near burning the house, lets the bird, while cleaning the cage, fly away, including several other pantomimical tricks. His master, apprehensive that he will drink some wine (which has been just brought home) during his absence, puts a bit of paper, on which is written *Poison*, over the bottles. Nicodemus, having done so much mischief on this his supposed un-

lucky day, is resolved to destroy himself: accordingly he drinks the wine, as poison, and gives a bottle to each of his fellow-servants, as they have let his master's daughter run away with her lover. When the master returns, he finds them all drunk.

Such is the business of this wretched piece, which was scarcely suffered to survive the first act. The language was abominably low, and the few jokes were borrowed:——for instance—"I am dead," says Nicodemus;—"Yes, dead drunk," replies his master; which is a pun in the "Honest Thieves." "Where is the bird?"—"Gone—*Over the Hills and far away*," which is similar to the "Sixty-third Letter."

The indignation of the house was such, that Mr. Elliston came forward and declared that the piece was *for ever* withdrawn. We are surprised the manager accepted it: it is not the consequence of a writer, but the merit of the production, that should be considered. We are inclined to think that Mr. Colman brings out these despicable works in order to give lustre to his own: at any rate, he takes care to bring out nothing that will eclipse them.

This theatre closed on the 15th of Septem. with the "Mountaineers," and "Love laughs at Locksmiths."

DRURY-LANE.

THIS theatre opened for the season, Saturday the 10th instant, with "Pizarro;" and the receipts of the night were devoted to the patri-

otic fund at Lloyd's; we hear the amount was 540l. Mr. Johnstone made his first appearance at this theatre in the character of Murtoch Delaney, in the "Irishman in London," and promises to be a great acquisition to it. Also Mr. H. Johnston, in Norval, in the play of "Douglas;" and his wife, in Amilia, in "Lovers' Vows."

COVENT-GARDEN.

THIS theatre opened on Monday the 12th instant, with "Speed the Plough," and an occasional address, which had no poetic merit to boast of. Mr. C. Kemble appeared in the character of Henry, and was well received. On the 24th, Mr. Kemble appeared in the character of Hamlet. Mrs. Siddons is also engaged at this theatre; and Mr. Rock, as a substitute for Mr. Johnstone.

VIEW OF MARGATE.

ON account of the length of our account of the Trial, Execution, &c. of Hatfield, the swindler, which we have given in the present number, we are, however reluctantly, under the necessity of deferring the description of MARGATE until the next number.—We trust that the accuracy, as well as the execution of the engraving will meet the approbation of our subscribers.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1803.

We feel it our duty to give place to every sentiment of patriotism which may, at this important moment, be handed to us, provided it has sufficient merit to recommend it, in order to rouze, and, as far as our influence may extend, to stimulate our countrymen to acts of heroism, in defence of their dearest rights and liberties, which are so daringly menaced by an ambitious and insulting plunderer. We therefore think the following entitled to the attention of our readers.

THE OLD ENGLISH LION.

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

By the Author of 'The Hero of the North.'

THE old lion of England grows youthful again,
He rouses—he rises—he bristles his mane,
His eye-balls flash fire, and his terrible roar,
Like thunder, bursts awfully over our shore!
We sons of the lion, inspir'd by the sound,
Devoted to liberty, gather around,
And indignantly hurl the false olive away,
Vain symbol of peace, only meant to betray:
Our high-temper'd spirits, fresh touch'd with those fires
Which glow'd in the hearts of our free-bosom'd sires;

To conquer or perish—an emulous band,
The natural rampart of Albion we stand;
Our banners unfurl'd,
O'ershadow the world,
Waving wide from those cliffs whence our rights are proclaim'd.
The arms which they bear
Still proudly declare
The old English lion will never be tam'd.

We fight for the altar, and throne we revere,
And the hearths that our home-born affections endear;
On Heaven's high favor then fearlessly trust,
For God arms with nations whose quarrel is just!
The oak, that was planted by druids of yore,
Its mystical branches still flings round our shore,
Great parent of navies! it spreads o'er the waves,
Strikes deeper its roots, and time's enmity braves!
Our life-streams unsullied flow down those veins
Which fed fame on Cressy's and Agincourt's plains.
Our Edwards and Henrys, 'tis true, are no more,
But George lives, their glory and worth to restore:
On him we depend,
Our father, our friend,
The king whom we honor, the man whom we love,
By him now renew'd,
Its nerves fresh endu'd,
The old English lion immortal shall prove.

From the sail-crowded bays and throng'd havens of France,
Let the boasted invader his legion advance,
Ah! vainly with numbers he threatens our coast,
One heart, brac'd by freedom, will combat an host.

The lion disdainfully pants for the fray,
The greater his foes, the more noble his prey.
Too late shall France learn on the blood-floated field,
That Britons can perish, but never can yield.
We'll grant her rash crew, should they 'scape from the waves,
No more English earth than will cover their graves.
Then let them embark—let the winds waft them o'er,
For fate tolls their knell when they land on our shore:
In front, sure defeat,
Behind, no retreat;
Denied to advance, yet forbidden to fly:
While, dreadfully round,
Our thunders resound,
The old English lion will conquer or die!

THE FOE OF MANKIND.

By J. Parkinson, Hoxton.

THE foe of mankind hath declar'd his resolve,
Against England his force to employ:
In ruin, he vows this fair isle to involve,
And rob us of all we enjoy.
With artful design he'll endeavour to shew
He'll render us free as the air;
But the freedom of Frenchmen with horror we view,
And rather their vengeance would dare.

Behold on the face of the glorious sun
There are spots which its lustre decrease;
But shall we, for this, its kind influence shun,
Or wish its effulgence to cease?

Just so, in our system, some spots may appear,
Shall we therefore the whole overthrow?
Shall we sacrifice all which we hold the most dear,
And crouch to the insolent foe?

The blessings of Britain then shall we exchange
For murder, and rapine, and blood?
Shall a foreign banditti o'er Albion range,
Like a dreadfully ravaging flood?—
Forbid it that energy, spirit, and fire
Which our ancestors proudly possess'd:
Those actions let's imitate, which we admire,
Then long may we hope to be bless'd.

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

A BALLAD.

By Mr. Dibdin.

JACK dances, and sings, and is always content;
In his vows to his lass, he'll ne'er fail her;
His anchor's a-trip, when his money's all spent:
And this is the life of a sailor.

Alert in his duty, he readily flies
Where the winds the tir'd vessel are flinging;
Tho' sunk to the sea-gods, or toss'd to the skies,
Still Jack is found working and singing.

Long side of an enemy, boldly and brave,
H'ell with broadside on broadside regale her;
Yet he'll sigh to the soul o'er an enemy's grave—
So noble's the mind of a sailor.

Let cannons roar loud, burst their sides let the bombs,
Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle,
The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes,
And laughs at the storm and the battle.

In a fostering power while Jack puts his trust,
As fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her;
Resign'd still, and manly, since what must be,
must—
And this is the mind of a sailor.

Tho' careless and headlong, if danger should press,
And rank'd 'mongst the free list of rovers,
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,
And prove the most constant of lovers.

To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer:
He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave—
And this is a true English sailor.

BONAPARTE'S SOLILOQUY AT CALAIS

A PARODY.

TO go, or not to go? that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for my views to suffer
The ease and quiet of yon hated rival,
Or to take arms against the haughty people,
And, by invading, end them. T'invade, to fight,
No more; and by a fight, to say we end
The envy and the thousand jealous pangs
We now must bear with—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To invade, to fight—
To fight—perchance be beat; aye, there's the rub;
For in our passage hence what ills may come,
When we have parted from our native ports,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes the alternative of so hard choice:
For who would bear their just and equal laws,
Their sacred faith, and general happiness,
Should shew in contrast black our tyrant sway.

Our frequent breach of treaty, and the harms
Devouring armies on the people bring,
When he himself could the dark shame remove
By mere invasion? Who would tamely view
That happy nation's great and thriving power,
But that the dread of falling on their coast
(That firm and loyal country, from whose shores
No enemy returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience* does make cowards of all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

EPILOGUE TO THE MAID OF BRISTOL.

By Mr. Colman.

IN times like these, the sailor of our play,
Much more than common sailors has to say;
For Frenchmen now the British tars provoke,
And doubly tough is ev'ry heart of oak;
Ready to die or conquer, at command,
While all are soldiers who are left on land.
Each English soul's on fire, to strike the blow
That curbs the French, and lays a tyrant low:
Sweet wolf! how lamb-like!—how, in his designs,
'The maiden modesty of Grimbald' shines!
Strifes he concludes 'twixt nations who agree,
Freedom bestows on states already free;
Forcing redress on each contented town,
The loving ruffian burns whole districts down;

* Alluding probably to Egypt.

Clasps the wide world, like death, in his embrace,
Stalks guardian butcher of the human race,
And, aping the fraternity of Cain,
Man is his brother—only to be slain.

And must religion's mantle be profan'd,
To cloak the crimes with which an atheist's stain'd?
Yes;—the mock saint, in holy motley dress'd,
Devotion's Public Ledger stands confess'd;
Of every, and no faith, beneath the sun,
"Open to all, and influenc'd by none;"
Ready he waits, to be or not to be,
Rank unbeliever, or staunch devotee.

Now christians' deaths, in christian zeal he works,
Now worships Mahomet, to murder Turks:
Now tears the creed, and gives free-thinking scope,
Now dubb'd "thrice catholic," he strips a pope.

A mongrel mussulman, of papal growth,
Mufti and Monk, now neither, or now both;
At mosque, at church, by turns, as craft thinks good,
Each day in each—and every day in blood!

God! must this mushroom despot of the hour
The spacious world encircle with his power?
Stretching his baneful feet from pole to pole,
Stride Corsican colossus of the whole?
Forbid it, Heav'n! and forbid it man!—
Can man forbid it?—yes; the ENGLISH can:
'Tis theirs, at length, to fight the world's great cause,
Defend their own, and rescue others' laws.

What Britons would not, were their hairs all lives,
Fight for their charter, for their babes, and wives;
And hurl a tyrant from his upstart throne,
To guard their king securely on his own?

LINES WRITTEN IN RETIREMENT.

By the late Dr. Brown.

ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

.....Finemque tueri
.....Naturam sequi.

WHAT tho' no glittering turrets rise,
Nor splendor gild these mild retreats,
Yet nature here, in modest guise,
Displays her unambitious sweets.

Along each gently swelling lawn
She strays, with rustic garlands crown'd,
And wakes the flowers at early dawn,
To fling their bosom'd fragrance round.

Here teach thy vot'ry, blameless guide,
To trace thy step serene and free,
To shun the toilsome heights of pride,
Thro' these calm scenes to follow thee.

His silent walks do thou adorn
O'er these green slopes, from tumult far;
Whether he greet the blushing morn,
Or welcome up yon evening star.

Intent while thro' these tufted bowers
Thy gen'rous whispers charm his ear,
To hail from Heaven thy kindred powers,
And meet fair peace and freedom here.

Yet prompt to stay his country's fall,
The stormy city's war he'll join,
When thou, and truth, and freedom call,
For Freedom's voice, and Truth's, are thine.

Maidstone. R. ALCHIN.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

SWEET babe of innocence! divinely blest
With ev'ry charm that Heav'n alone bestows,
Fled to the regions of eternal rest,
Thou ne'er wilt know thy hapless parents' woes.

For thee, alas! incessant flows the tear,
Adown those cheeks where once complacence smil'd;
No lisping tongue now greets thy father's ear,
No more thy mother cries, "God bless my child!"

But all is veil'd in sorrow's nightly dress,
Thy native scenes are fraught with dreary gloom,
Each mourns thy fate, absorb'd in sad distress,
And ev'ry voice laments thy early doom.

Say not, ye wise, 'tis folly thus to pine,
For those departed time can ne'er recal;
'Tis nature's claim—a claim from Heav'n divine,
That bids the tear of true affection fall.

Say not 'tis weak, when dearest friends are fled
To that blest scene where joys eternal dwell,
To shed a tear—a tribute to the dead,
To heave a sigh, and bid a last farewell!

Oh! thine's a pleasure in affection's tear,
A pleasure well the feeling breast doth know,
It sooths the love-lorn heart, once held most dear,
And all the sad calamities of woe.

But yet the spring from whence our sorrows rise,
Should, by the guide of sober reason, cease;
For her we've lost, sweet babe! she never dies,
But lives for ever in celestial peace.

Oh! she's happier, happier far, than those
Who ceaseless toil, the earth-born sons of care—
A prey to ev'ry blast that passion blows,
And ev'ry ruthless storm are forc'd to bear.

Farewell Maria! o'er thy clay-cold sod
The feeling heart shall oft-times breathe a sigh;
And whilst thy soul quiescent rests with God,
Thy dear remains shall teach us how to die.

Childwell. FRANKVILLE.

VERSES

Presented, with a White Rose, by a Gentleman of the York Faction to a Lady of that of Lancaster.

SHOULD this pale rose offend thy sight,
It in thy bosom wear,
'Twill blush to find a purer white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

Yet, Celia, should the red be chose,
With gay vermillion bright,
'Twill sicken at each blush that glows,
And, in despair, turn white.

Let politicians idly prate,
Their Babels build in vain—
As uncontroulable as fate
Is love's exalted reign.

Oxford. ANTIQUARIUS.

ON A PIECE OF BLANK PAPER.

FAIR, spotless, leaf, thou emblem pure
Of innocence, beware!
Nor think thy beauty too secure,
'Tis dangerous to be fair.

To wit obscene, and impious jest,
Thou art too much expos'd;
Give truth possession of thy breast,
Or be for ever clos'd.

Some wanton hand may scrawl thee o'er,
And blot thy virgin face,
And whiteness, deem'd thy praise before,
May turn to thy disgrace.

O give me, then, thy faultless page,
Ere yet foul stain be drank;
On virtue's side with me engage,
Nor leave for vice a blank.

By thee shall idle vacant hearts
This useful moral learn—
That, unemploy'd, the brightest parts
To vice and folly turn.

By thee shall innocence be taught
What dangers wait on youth,
Unless with early precepts fraught,
And prepossess'd with truth.

By thee shall beauty learn to yield
To real worth her charms:
For virtue, though an ample shield,
But incompletely arms.

Oxford. ANTIQUARIUS.

WIT, SENSE, AND LOVE.

No, Wit, not now a witty word,
Nor any witty thing,
Can my weak witless mind afford,
I can nor write nor sing;
Yet whilom I could sing or write,
In happy rhyming fit;
But Love, I fear, has marr'd me quite,
For Love's a foe to Wit.

No, Sense, a thing that's sensible,
I, senseless, cannot say;
My senses (how, I cannot tell)
Are taken all away.
Insensibly they are all gone,
And gone for ever hence,
On Cupid's wing I fear they're flown,
For Love's a foe to Sense.

No, Wit and Sense, by some admir'd
How much soe'er ye be,
No longer can ye be desir'd
By witless, senseless me.
No charms in either can I spy,
My love-sick soul to move;
No love for Wit or Sense have I,
For Love loves nought but Love.

Literary Review.

General Biography, or Lives critical and historical of the most eminent Persons of all Countries, Conditions, and Professions; arranged according to alphabetical Order. Composed by John Aikin, M.D. the Rev. Thomas Morgan, and Mr. Wm. Johnston. Vol. IV.

WE noticed with approbation the preceding volumes of this work, and we are pleased to perceive that it is carried on with equal spirit and ability. The plan and execution of this biographical dictionary it is impossible for a candid reviewer to condemn: indeed we deem it calculated to answer the purposes for which it is intended. It is the only publication of the kind that exactly meets our idea of the subject. A proper medium is observed between the abrubtness of Watkins' Epitome of the Lives of great Men, and the minute detail of the Biographia Britannica, however characterized by diligence and impartiality.

The biographic narratives which constitute this work contain the principal incidents of the life of the subject of the memoir, an account of

the works which he published, or the actions which he performed. General estimates are also made of the character, and the authorities affixed evince at once industry and fidelity.

Some may possibly object to the number of *foreign* lives; but it must be remembered that this circumstance is an act of justice to the individuals themselves, and cannot fail of rendering it a more acceptable performance to the literary world.

Of the editors it may not be improper just to add, that Dr. Aikin is well known by his publications, which have proved acceptable to the rising generation; that the Rev. T. Morgan is a respectable minister among the protestant dissenters; and that Mr. W. Johnston is the translator of some works into our language, which have been favorably received by the public.—In such hands, we may rely on the just views with which this important work has been begun, is continued, and will be completed.

The History of France, from the Year 1790 *to the Peace concluded at Amiens in* 1802. *By John Adolphus, Esq. F.S.A. In two Volumes.*

THE revolution of France will afford abundant materials to the writers of history—here they will find sufficient scope for their ingenuity in tracing the causes of the several events which arose on that occasion. We trace its progress with an anxiety for the success or failure of the mighty experiment; we feel indignant at the evils of the old government—but

we ought to be still more indignant at the train of evils which followed. The present volumes are an useful epitome of the incidents of this bloody and turbulent period. We are shocked to think that after so much blood is spilt, no advantages seemed to have accrued to mankind. To talk of *French liberty* is a solecism—it is despotism in the extreme. A soldier of fortune has seized the government, and by his present ambitious designs is destroying the peace and happiness of that country.

Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope; to which is subjoined, a Journey from Cape-town to Blettenberg's Bay. By Robert Semple.

NOTWITHSTANDING a queer preface, this is no mean performance: the author possesses an eye for observation, and can boast an hand capable of delineating the subjects of his observation. Though we have before read accounts of the Cape of Good Hope, this is by far the most entertaining that has fallen into our hands. He very properly laments the evils of African slavery, and gives a vivid sketch of this long degraded and unhappy quarter of the globe. His delineation of the prospect of Table Mountain is sublime—it glows with feeling and animation. The subjoined journey is written with simplicity, and yields instruction and amusement.—Were this writer to attempt something of the kind on a larger scale, we doubt not of its meeting with the public approbation,

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Reflections on the Works of God in Nature and Providence, for every Day in the Year. By Christopher Christian Sturm. Translated from the French, and collated with the German, by Adam Clarke. In four Volumes.

HAVING this month given the life, or rather some account of this author and his writings, we have now only to notice this edition of his celebrated work. Various translations have made their appearance, but this is the best of them all. The language is free and easy, and it is the fullest and most complete collection of the several pieces published. Of this work, we have just to add, that it is a suitable present for young people whose minds are enlarged and improved by an acquaintance with the works of God. It is much to be regretted that they are not habituated in their early years to peruse those pieces which, by the variety of information communicated, and by the amiable spirit in which they are written, tend to promote the great purposes of virtue and piety.

Gleanings in England, descriptive of the Country; with new Views of Peace and War. By Mr. Pratt. Vol. III.

THE diffuseness of this writer, however ingenious and amusing, ought to be kept within some bounds. According to this desultory mode of making books, volumes may succeed each other in endless succession. If indeed the

author is never tired of writing, and the reader never tired of purchasing, all is well: but there is some danger of fatigue to both, by this *never-ending* mode of composition. That we have been entertained with some parts of this volume, we are willing to acknowledge: but the matter wants compression. Customs and manners are touched upon here and there with ability, and due praise is given to this country for the number and extent of charitable institutions. Indeed, in this respect, the inhabitants of Great Britain may be said, without exaggeration, to exceed all other people in the world.

The Life of the Hon. Col. James Gardiner. By P. Doddridge, D.D. with a Portrait.

THE merits of this biographical work are so well known, that any eulogium here would be superfluous. The neatness and conveniency of this edition are the points which at present arrest our attention; and we are happy to find a work of such sterling merit reduced to this portable size, and thus rendered an easy purchase. The Life of Gardener, at this period, must be particularly interesting, and we most earnestly recommend it to the serious attention of the *volunteering* GUARDIANS of our country as an admirable lesson, calculated not only to inspire them with true martial spirit, but likewise to instil those religious principles which give courage to the weak, by shewing that the "race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

The British Soldier's Guide, and Volunteer's Self-instructor: containing full and ample Directions for performing all the various Exercises of the Field, Horse and Foot, viz. the Sword, Drill, Manual, Platoon, Pike, and Rifle Exercises, Words of Command, marching, wheeling, Mode of exercising in Classes, System of Attack and Defence, and every other Evolution necessary to the Perfection of a well-disciplined Soldier. To which are added, Laws relative to Volunteer Corps in general; and an Abstract of the General Defence Bill.

AT a time when every Englishman is called upon to take up arms in defence of his country, her rights and constitution, books of instruction, how to use those arms, are naturally expected. We have seen many, but none of that satisfactory nature as the present, which includes *all* the exercises—manual, platoon, broad-sword, pike, rifle, &c. and is consequently a book of general utility. The instructions are likewise conveyed in such plain but forcible language, that every young soldier, by carefully reading and paying proper attention to the rules here set down, will require but few instructions at drill; and though some make use only of the firelock, and others of the sword, yet it is absolutely necessary that every man should have at least a superficial knowledge of all arms; therefore we recommend a perusal of the whole to all volunteers, whether infantry, cavalry, &c. The work is adorned with an admirable likeness of his royal highness the Duke of York, as head of the army, and other engravings, relative to the gun and the broad-sword.

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1803.

THE complexion of public affairs remains much the same—we have observed little alteration. Indeed the alarm of invasion is so far from having subsided, that the French papers talk loudly of putting the threat into execution. A French admiral at Boulogne has published a proclamation replete with menaces towards this country: it is full of big sounding words; and were the ability of the enemy commensurate with their inclination, dreadful would be our condition. But the French were always fond of boasting both by sea and by land; and surely it is unnatural to suppose that they would suppress their favorite disposition on the present occasion.

The means taken by our government to arm the people is a wise, just, and absolutely necessary measure. And it is a matter of exultation that every part of the kingdom is so firmly united in the grand work of mutual defence and protection. Should the ambitious First Consul dare to attempt a descent, we trust that he will be repelled with that spirit of undaunted courage for which Britons are distinguished; and we are firmly persuaded that this *troubler of nations*, and his slavish legions, in such a case, will not have it in their power to visit us a second time—they *must* fall victims in an attempt,

a madder than which was never yet recorded in the annals of history.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1803.

2. ASTLEY's theatre, near Westminster-bridge burnt down to the ground, owing to some lamps not being utterly extinguished which had been lighted up in prodigious numbers on the preceding evening. Nothing was left unconsumed but the mere shell of the building. The mother of Mrs. Astley lost her life amidst the conflagration. Several houses around the theatre, also, were considerably damaged. The loss is estimated at some thousands of pounds.

3. The lord mayor proceeded in his usual state to Mr. Kirby's the keeper of Newgate, and thence to Smithfield, for the purpose of proclaiming Bartholomew fair. We were pleased to observe on this occasion a greater degree of order and regularity than usual.

8. A dreadful fire broke out in Devonshire-house, Piccadilly, consuming the whole mansion, leaving nothing but the bare walls standing.—The Prince of Wales, anxious for the safety of the Duke of Devonshire and his family, hastened to the spot; but happily the flames, though for a time they raged with uncommon fury, was soon extiguished.

10. At a meeting of the Royal Jennerian Society, the secretary reported that upwards of three thousand persons had received the benefit of the vaccine inoculation.

11. A dreadful accident happened at a steam engine between Greenwich and Woolwich: the pressure of the steam burst the boiler; the explosion shook the earth for a considerable distance round, and created a most violent concussion. Three men were killed on the spot, and many others were greatly injured.

15. A boy between three and four years of age, while amusing himself before the door of his parent's house, in Fleet-street, was decoyed by a woman, who gave him sugar-plumbs. She carried him into Holborn, and there stripped him. The child, who was left after it was thus robbed, was recognized, and brought home to his parents, in the evening, almost naked. This infamous practice, becoming now so frequent, ought to be severely punished.

16. A powder-mill blew up near Dartford with a tremendous explosion. Fortunately no individual was hurt. The mill burnt for some hours; and had there been a wind, the whole premises must have been destroyed.

17. Mr. Astlet tried and convicted at the Old Bailey, of defrauding the Bank to an immense amount. An opinion, however, was started by Mr. Erskine respecting the legality of the proceedings against him, which the twelve judges are to take into consideration.—This unfortunate man engaged as clerk to the Bank, March 1778; was appointed assistant to

Mr. Abraham Newland, Septem. 1793; and finally was raised, Jan. 1799, to the situation of cashier to the governor and company of the Bank of England.

19. Michael Kearney executed before Newgate, for the murder of his wife, about two months ago, near Old-street, with circumstances of aggravated barbarity. The chief evidence against him were his two daughters, the eldest not above sixteen years of age. He confessed his guilt after conviction, and when on the scaffold, discovered signs of contrition, conversing with a priest till the moment of execution.

23. City volunteers reviewed by Earl Harrington in the East India Company's fields near Islington. The Duke of York was present, and also the Duke of Cambridge. An immense croud of spectators were assembled on the occasion.

25. Information received from Dublin, that Robert Emmet, principal leader in the insurrection there on the 23d of July last, when Lord Kilwarden lost his life, was convicted. He has been since executed. On his trial it appeared that there was again a regular plan laid for an attack on government, and that almost every part of it was ripe for explosion.—Alas! the madness and folly of the lower classes in that deluded and afflicted country. How complete their infatuation!

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

JOSHUA JAY, Norwich, coal merchant. John Starforth and Gilbert Starforth, Durham, woollen manufacturers. Richard Porter, Great Driffield, York, spirit merchant. Solomon Fletcher, Manchester, and also of Stockport, Chester, linen draper. Richard Langston, Cross street, Chester, and Michael Gasney, Chetwood, near Manchester, cotton merchants. James Carew, Bristol, merchant. Edward Jones, Hereford, butcher. Edward Jones the elder, and Edward Jones the younger, late of Hereford. Peter Sharp, Liverpool, joiner. Theodocia Pycock and Marmaduke Ward Pycock, Kingston-upon-Hull, builders. Wm. Ellis, Hallifax, York, money scrivener. James Chaplain the younger, Nuneaton, Warwick, carpenter and grocer. Richard Wood, Slaithwaite, York, corn factor. Job Baseley Rolls, Birmingham, merchant. Wm. Morley, Shoe lane, Holborn, baker. George Forbes, late of Copthall Chambers, Copthall court, Throgmorton street, London, merchant, and underwriter. John Francis, late of Greek street, Soho, and of Rathbone place, Oxford street, Middlesex, china and glassman. John Bishop, Sheerness, Kent, shop keeper. Thomas Irvin and James Holden, Halifax, York, dyers. Thomas Liddell, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer. Thomas Tindall, Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, Dorset, grocer. Joseph Parker, Glamford Briggs, Lincoln, malster. Wm. Knowles, Wheatley lane, Whalley, Lancaster, cotton manufacturers. David Wyllie and John Wilkinson, Manchester, fustian manufacturers. Christopher Nuttall, Manchester, cotton spin-

ner. Thomas Lander, late of the Borough of Stafford, Stafford, shoemaker. John Handley, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester, baker. Willam Gange, Dorchester, Dorset, tallow chandler. John Whitaker, and James Pitt, Birmingham, coach makers. Daniel Isaac Eaton, Stratford Green, Essex, bookseller. Thomas Abbott, late of Needham Market, Suffolk, yarn maker. George Shaw, late of Bleath Gill, Westmorland, dealer. John French Burke, late of Cannon street, London, ship owner. Ed. Charles Whitehead, Witham, Essex, carpenter. Isaac Hosch and Emanuel Bientz, Budge row, London, George Losh, John Deitric Lubbren, and Wm. Losh, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, factors. David Holmes, late of Liverpool, grocer. Thomas Thurrogood, Welwyn, Hertford, shopkeeper. Northy Rowland and Peter Rowland, Great Coggeshall, Essex, blanket makers. Edward Aspinall, Wigan, Lancaster, calico manufacturer. John Bennett, late of Norton, Kent, shipwright. John Wright, late of Rouse-Farm, Kent, brush maker. Charles Stanley, Durham, stationer. Edmund Miles, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, miller. Thomas Lee, Pockington, Yorkshire, linen draper. Robert Nayler, Basinghall street merchant. Joseph Redmond, Liverpool, linen merchant. Francis Bestow, late of Nottingham, hosier. Joseph Leeman, Peterborough, Northampton, linen draper. Peter Favenc, Bedford row, Middlesex, insurance broker. Robert Newman, late of Darmouth, Devon, ship builder. John Doughty, Stokesley, York, grocer. Edward Angell Hansell, Kingston-upon-Hull, auctioneer. Arthur Blaxcell, late of Kelsale, Suffolk, tanner. Robert Henderson, Foster lane, Cheapside, London, warehouseman. ——— Pratt, late of Hart street, Bloomsbury. Wm. Beaven and John Jones, Bradford, Wilts, clothiers. Richard Hudson, War-

ter, Yorkshire, horse jobber. Robert Allcroft, Sheffield, scissor manufacturer. Richard Lonsdale, Liverpool, manufacturer. Edw. Lawrence, Strand, Middlesex, bookseller.

REMARKABLE BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS IN SEPTEMBER, 1803.

BIRTHS.

IN Thomas street, Dublin, a lady was safely delivered of a boy. She appeared in tolerable good health for a few days afterwards, when, to her great surprize, she was suddenly taken ill, and soon after delivered of a fine girl. Both children, as well as the mother, are likely to do well.

At Cunliffe, near Blackburn, the wife of Mr. J. Pilkington, farmer, of three fine female children; the mother is in her 42d year, had before borne eleven children at single births; and the grandmother by the father's side, in her 93d year, was the midwife on this last occasion. The children and the mother are doing well.

At his house at Oxford, the lady of Sir Digby Mackworth, of a daughter.

At Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, Mrs. Sheppard, wife of A. Shephard, Esq. and daughter of Rear-admiral Knight, of a fine boy and girl.

At Rupert-house, county of Southampton, the most noble the Marchioness of Winchester, of a son.

At her mother's house, Bagshot Lodge, the lady of Capt. Mends, of the navy, of a daughter.

At Ulbster, Scotland, the lady of Sir John Sinclair, Bart. of a daughter.

At Edinburgh, the lady of the Hon. Archibald Macdonald, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Chalfont St. Peter's, Walter Strickland, Esq. son of Sir G. Strickland, Bart. of Boynton, York, to Miss Western, youngest daughter of the late M. Western, Esq. of Colethorpe, Oxford.

At Chelsea, Capt. Henry Hornby to Miss Jane M. Smith.

At Bishop's Lydeard, Somerset, Lieut.-colonel Peachy, late M. P. for Yarmouth, to Miss Emma Frances Charter.

Lieut.-colonel Fisher to Miss Shaw, of Upper Berkeley street, Portman square.

Wm. Willis, jun. Esq. of Lombard street, banker, to Miss Ponton, daughter of Thomas Ponton, Esq. of Battersea.

At Cumberland-house, David Erskine, Esq. of Cardoss, to Miss Keith Elphinstone, youngest daughter of the late Lord Keith Elphinstone.

At Ashford, Shropshire, the Rev. R. F. Halifax, son of the late Bishop of Asaph, to Miss Ricketts, daughter of T. C. Ricketts, Esq. of Ashford Hall, in that county.

At Stanton Downham, the Hon. Henry Wellesley, to Lady Charlotte Cadogan, second daughter of Earl Cadogan.

At Salmesbury, near Blackburne, D. Heys, aged 84, to Mary Whitaker, aged 85; the bridegroom's man was 74, and the bride's maid 83.

At St. Nicholas's, Whitehaven, Mr. Jeremiah Rule, shoe maker, to Mrs. Jane Thompson, of Charles street. This couple had passed the term of three score years and ten, one of them being 72, and the other 74.

In Yorkshire, Thomas Freeman, formerly of Leeds, but now of Wakefield, aged 70, to Sarah Preston, aged 84. The fond couple had been courting for 17 years.

DEATHS.

At Alnwick Castle, Northumberland, in the 19th year of her age, Lady Frances Percy, third daughter of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland.

At Cheltenham, the lady of Sir John D'Oyley, Bart.

At Richmond, the Hon. Capt. Carpenter, of an apoplectic fit.

On his passage home from the East Indies, Major Jonathan Scott, of Shrewsbury.

At Southampton, Mrs. Read, who had been tried at Gloucester, in the year 1796, on a charge of poisoning her husband: on her death-bed she confessed her guilt, as also another crime of equal atrocity.

At Watford, Joseph Galloway, Esq. formerly Speaker of the House of Assembly in Pennsylvania.

In Westminster-road, Mrs. Woodman, mother of Mrs. Astley jun. of the Royal Amphitheatre. On Friday morning, September 2, that beautiful theatre was discovered to be in flames, and the fire raged with so much fury as to consume not only the entire building, but most of the houses immediately surrounding it, in one of which Mrs. W. lived, and unfortunately perished in the general conflagration. What renders the event the more distressing is, that she could have effected her retreat from the all-devouring element, as a ladder had been raised to her chamber-window, on which she was preparing to step, when, as if anxious to sav esomething of value, she returned, and sunk with the falling floors, "to rise no more!"

To Correspondents.

Want of room prevents us from notifying the several favors received, but they shall meet with due attention.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.